Nosce teipsum.

THIS ORACLE EXpounded in two *Elegies.*

1. Of Humane Knowledge.
2. Of the Soule of Man, and the immortality thereof.

Written by Sir IOHN DAVIS, *his Maiesties Atturney generall in Ireland.*

Whereunto is added, Hymnes of *Astræa* in Acrostick verse; or, Praises of his Soueraigne, Queene *Elizabeth.*

By the same Author.

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XUM

TO MY MOST GRACIOVS DREAD SOVERAIGNE.

TO that cleere Maiesty, which in the North,
Doth like another Sunne in glory rise,
Which standeth fixt, yet spreads her heauenly worth,
Loadstone to Hearts, and Loadestarre to all Eyes,

Like Heau'n in all, like th' Earth in this alone,
That though great States by her support do stand,
Yet she her selfe supported is of none,
But by the finger of th' Almighties hand:

To the diuineſt and the richeſt minde,
Both by Arts purchaſe, and by Natures Dowre,
That euer was from Heauen to Earth confin'd,
To ſhew the vtmoſt of a Creatures power:

To that great Spirit, which doth great Kingdomes moue,
The ſacred Spring, whence Right *and* Honor *ſtreames,*
Diſtilling Vertue, *ſhedding* Peace *and* Loue,
In euery place, as Cynthia *ſheds her beames:*

Whereby we reason, liue, and moue, and be.
These sparkes by nature euermore aspire,
Which makes them to so high an Highnesse *flee.*

Faire Soule, *since to the faireſt body knit,*
You giue such liuely life, such quickning power,
Such sweete celestiall influence to it,
As keepes it still in youths immortall flower:

(As where the Sunne is present all the yeere,
And neuer doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the Spring be euerlasting there,
And euery season like the Mon'th of May)

O many, many yeeres may you remaine,
A happy Angell to this happy Land,
Long, long, may you on earth our Empresse raigne,
Ere you in Heauen a glorious Angell stand:

Stay long (sweet spirit) ere thou to Heauen depart,
Which mak'st each place a Heauen wherein thou art.

Her Maieſties leaſt and
vnworthieſt Subiect,

IOHN DAVIS.

Of humane Knowledge.

VVHy did my Parents ſend me to the ſchooles;
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the *deſire to know* firſt made men fooles,
And did corrupt the roote of all mankind?

For when Gods hand had written in the hearts
Of the firſt Parents, all the rules of good;
So that their skill infuſde, did paſſe all Arts
That euer were, before, or ſince the floud;

And when their reaſons eye was ſharpe and cleere;
And (as an Eagle can beholde the Sunne)
Could haue approch't th'eternall light as neere,
As the intellectuall Angels could haue done:

Euen then to them the *ſpirit of lies* ſuggeſts,
That they were blinde, becauſe they ſaw not ill;
And breathes into their incorrupted breſts
A curious *wiſh*, which did corrupt their *will*.

For that ſame ill they ſtraight deſir'd to know;
Which ill beeing nought but a defect of good,
And all Gods works the Diuell could not ſhow;
While Man their Lord in his perfection ſtood.

So that themſelues were firſt to doe the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attaine;

Like him, that knew not poiſons power to kill;
Vntill (by taſting it) himſelfe was ſlaine.

Euen ſo by taſting of that fruite forbid,
Where they ſought *knowledge*, they did *error* find;
Ill they deſir'd to know, and ill they did;
And to giue *Paſſion* eyes, made *Reaſon* blind.

For then their minds did firſt in paſſion ſee
Thoſe wretched ſhapes of *Miſery* and *Woe*,
Of *Nakedneſſe*, of *Shame*, of *Pouerty*; (know.
Which then their owne experience made them

But then grew *Reaſon* darke, that *ſhe* no more
Could the faire formes of *God* and *Truth* diſcerne;
Battes they became, that *Eagles* were before;
And this they got by their *deſire to learne*.

But we their wretched of-ſpring, what do we?
Do not we ſtill taſte of the fruite forbid?
Whiles with fond fruitleſſe curioſity
In bookes prophane we ſeeke for knowledge hid.

What is this *knowledge*? but the Sky-ſtolne fire,
For which the *Thiefe* ſtill chain'd in Ice doth ſit?
And which the poore rude *Satyre* did admire,
And needs would kiſſe; but burnt his lips with it.

What is it? but the cloud of empty Raine, (go.
Which when *Ioues* Gueſt imbrac't, the Monſters
Or the falſe *Payles*, which oft being fild with paine,
Receiu'd the water, but retain'd it not?

Shortly

Shortly what is it? but the fiery Coach (all?
Which the *Youth* sought, and sought his death with-
Or the *Boyes* wings, which when he did approach
The *Sunnes* hot beames, did melt and let him fall?

And yet alas, when all our Lampes are burnd,
Our bodyes wasted, and our Spirits spent;
When we haue all the learned *volumes* turn'd,
Which yeeld mens wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discerne?
When *Error* chokes the windowes of the minde;
The diuers formes of things, how can we learne,
That haue been euer from our birth-day blind?

When *Reasons* lampe which (like the *Sunne* in skie)
Throughout *Mans* little world her beames did
Is now become a Sparkle, which doth lie, (spread,
Vnder the Ashes, halfe extinct, and dead;

How can we hope, that through the Eye and Eare,
This dying Sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beames of knowledge cleere,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heire, whose father hath in play,
Wasted a thousand pound of ancient rent;
By painefull earning of one groate a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that diu'd most deepe, and soar'd most hie,
Seeking Mans pow'rs, haue found his weaknes such;

"Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth flye;
"Wee learne so little, and forget so much.

For this, the Wisest of all mortall men
Said, *he knew nought, but that he nought did know;*
And the great mocking Master mockt not then,
When he said, *Truth was buried here below.*

For how may we to others things attaine,
When none of vs his owne soule vnderstands?
For which the Diuell mockes our curious braine,
When *know thy selfe*, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busie Soule beleeue,
When boldly she concludes of that, and this;
When of her selfe she can no iudgement geue,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is.

All things without, which round about we see,
We seeke to know; and how therewith to doe:
But that whereby we *reason, liue and be*,
Within our selues, we strangers are thereto.

We seeke to know the mouing of each spheare,
And the strange cause of th'ebs and flouds of Nile:
But of that clocke within our brests we beare,
The subtill motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint our selues with euery *Zoane*,
And passe both *Tropikes*, and behold the *Poles*;
When we come home, are to our selues vnknown,
And vnacquainted still with our owne *Soules*.

We

e ſtudie *Speech*, but others we perſwade;
Wee *Leech-craft* learne, but others cure with it;
We interpret *Lawes*, which other men haue made;
But reade not thoſe, which in our hearts are writ.

Is it

'tis becauſe the minde is like the eye; (grees,)
(Through which it gathers knowledge by de-
Whoſe rayes reflect not, but ſpread outwardly,
Not ſeeing it ſelfe, when other things it ſees.

No doubtleſſe; for the minde can backward caſt,
Vpon her ſelfe, her vnderſtanding light;
But ſhe is ſo corrupt, and ſo defac't,
As her owne image doth her ſelfe affright.

As is the fable of the Lady faire,
Which for her luſt was turn'd into a Cow;
When thirſty to a ſtreame ſhe did repaire,
And ſaw her ſelfe tranſform'd ſhe wiſt not how:

At firſt ſhe ſtartles, then ſhe ſtands amaz'd,
At laſt with terror ſhe from thence doth flye;
And loathes the watry glaſſe wherein ſhe gaz'd,
And ſhunnes it ſtill, though ſhe for thirſt doe die.

Euen ſo *Mans Soule*, which did Gods Image beare,
And was at firſt faire, good and ſpotleſſe pure;
Since with her *ſinnes* her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all ſights her owne ſight leaſt endure.

For euen at firſt reflection ſhe eſpies
Such ſtrange *Chimeraes*, and ſuch Monſters there,

Such

Such Toyes, ſuch *Antikes*, and ſuch Vanities;
As ſhe retires, and ſhrinks for ſhame and feare.

And as the man loues leaſt at home to be,
That hath a ſluttiſh houſe haunted with *Sprites*;
So ſhe impatient her owne faults to ſee,
Turnes from her ſelfe, and in ſtrange things delite.

For this few *know themſelues*: for merchants broke,
View their eſtate with diſcontent and paine;
And *Seas* are troubled, when they do reuoke
Their flowing waues into themſelues againe.

And while the face of outward things we finde,
Pleaſing, and faire, agreeable, and ſweete;
Theſe things tranſport, and carry out the mind,
That with her ſelfe her ſelfe can neuer meete.

Yet if *Affliction* once her warres begin,
And threate the feeble *Senſe* with ſword and fire;
The *Mind* contracts her ſelfe, and ſhrinketh in,
And to her ſelfe ſhe gladly doth retire:

As *Spiders* toucht, ſeeke their webs inmoſt part;
As *Bees* in ſtormes vnto their hiues returne;
As Blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men ſeeke towns, when foes the country burne.

If ought can teach vs ought, *Afflictions* lookes,
(Making vs looke vnto our ſelues ſo neere)
Teach vs to *know our ſelues*, beyond all bookes;
Or all the learned *Schooles* that euer were.

This

This *Miſtreſſe* lately pluckt me by the eare,
And many a golden leſſon hath me taught;
Hath made my *Senſes* quicke, and Reaſon cleere,
Reformd my Will, and rectifide my Thought:

So do the *Winds* and *Thunders* cleanſe the Ayre;
So working Seas ſettle and purge the wine;
So lopt and pruned Trees doe flouriſh faire;
So doth the fire the droſſie gold refine.

Neither *Minerua*, nor the learned *Muſe*,
Nor rules of *Art*, nor *Precepts* of the wiſe,
Could in my braine thoſe beames of ſkill infuſe;
As but the glance of this *Dames* angry eyes.

She within *Liſts* my ranging minde hath brought,
That now beyond my ſelfe I liſt not go;
My ſelfe am *Center* of my circling thought,
Onely *my ſelfe* I ſtudy, learne, and know.

I know my Bodi's of ſo fraile a kind,
As force without, feauers within can kill;
I know the heauenly nature of my minde,
But tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my *Soule* hath power to know all things,
Yet is ſhe blinde and ignorant in all;
I know I am one of *Natures* little kings,
Yet to the leaſt and vileſt things am thrall.

I know my life's a paine, and but a ſpan,
I know my *Senſe* is mockt with euery thing;

And

And to conclude, I know my ſelfe a *Man*;
Which is a *proud*, and yet a *wretched* thing.

Of the Soule of Man, and the immortalitie thereof.

THe *lights of Heauen* (which are the worlds faire eies)
Looke downe into the World, the World to ſee;
And as they turne, or wander in the skyes,
Suruey all things, that on this *Center* bee.

And yet the *lights*, which in my *towre* doe ſhine,
Mine *Eyes* which view all obiects, nigh and farre;
Looke not into this little world of mine,
Nor ſee my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since *Nature* failes vs in no needefull thing,
Why want I meanes, mine inward ſelfe to ſee?
Which ſight, the knowlege of my ſelf might bring;
Which to true Wiſedome is the firſt degree.

That *Power*, which gaue me eyes the world to view,
To view my ſelfe infuſ'd an *inward light*;
Whereby my *Soule*, as by a Mirror true,
Of her owne forme may take a perfect ſight.

But as the ſharpeſt *eye* diſcerneth nought,
Except the *Sunne-beames* in the ayre do ſhine;
So the beſt *Soule*, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not her ſelfe without ſome light diuine.

O light which mak'ſt the Light, which makes the Day,
Which ſetſt the eye without, and mind within;
Lighten my ſpirit with one cleere heauenly ray,
Which now to view it ſelfe doth firſt begin.

For her true forme how can my Sparke diſcerne?
Which dimme by *Nature*, *Art* did neuer cleere;
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learne,
Are ignorant both *what* ſhe is and *where*?

One thinkes the *Soule* is *Aire*, another *Fire*,
Another *blood* diffus'd about the heart,
Another ſaith, the *Elements* conſpire,
And to her *Eſſence* each doth giue a part.

Muſicians thinke our *Soules* are *Harmonies*;
Phiſicions hold that they *Complexions* bee;
Epicures make them ſwarmes of *Atomies*,
Which do by chance into our bodyes flee.

Some thinke one generall *Soule* fils euery braine,
As the bright *Sunne* ſheds light in euery Starre;
And others thinke the name of *Soule* is vaine,
And that we onely *well-mixt* bodyes are.

In iudgement of her *ſubſtance* thus they varie,
And thus they varie in iudgement of her *ſeate*;
For ſome her chaire vp to the braine do carrie,
Some thruſt it downe into the *ſtomacks* heate;

Some place it in the Roote of life, the *Heart*,
Some in the *Liuer* fountaine of the veines,

Some

Some ſay, *She is all in all, and all in part:*
Some ſay, She is not containd, but all containes.

Thus theſe great Clerks their little wiſedome ſhow,
While with their doctrines they at *Hazzard* play,
Toſſing their light opinions to and fro,
To mocke the *Lewd*, as learnd in this as they.

For no craz'd braine could euer yet propound
Touching the *Soule* ſo vaine and fond a thought;
But ſome among theſe Maſters haue beene found,
Which in their *Schooles* the ſelfe-ſame thing haue (taught.

God onely wiſe, to puniſh pride of wit,
Among mens wits hath this confuſion wrought;
As the proud *Towre* whoſe points the clouds did hit,
By tongues confuſion was to ruine brought.

But (*thou*) which didſt *Mans Soule* of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fallen agen,
To make it new, the forme of man didſt take,
And *God* with *God* becam'ſt a *Man* with men:

Thou, that haſt faſhioned twice this *Soule* of ours,
So that ſhe is by double title thine;
Thou onely knoweſt her nature and her pow'rs,
Her ſubtill forme thou onely canſt define.

To iudge her ſelfe, ſhe muſt her ſelfe tranſcend,
As greater Circles comprehend the leſſe;
But ſhe wants power, her owne powers to extend,
As fettered men can not their ſtrength expreſſe.

But

But thou bright morning Starre, thou rising *Sunne*,
Which in these latter times hast brought to light
Those mysteries, that since the world begun,
Lay hid in darkenesse, and eternall night.

Thou (*like the Sunne*) dost with indifferent ray,
Into the *Palace* and the *Cottage* shine;
And shew'st the *Soule*, both to the Clerke and Lay,
By the cleere *Lampe* of thy *Oracle* diuine.

This Lampe, through all the Regions of my braine,
Where my *Soule* sits, doth spread such beames of grace;
As now, me thinks, I do distinguish plaine,
Each subtill line of her immortall face.

The Soule a substance, and a *Spirit* is,
Which *God* himselfe doth in the body make;
Which makes the *Man*, for euery man from this
The *nature* of a *Man*, and *name* doth take.

And though the spirit be to the body knit,
As an apt meane her powers to exercise,
Which are, *life*, *motion*, *sense*, and *will*, and *wit*;
Yet she *suruiues*, although the body *dies*.

* That the Soule is a thing subsisting by it selfe, without the Body.

* *She is a substance*, and a reall thing,
1 Which hath it selfe an actuall working might;
2 Which neither from the *Senses* power doth spring,
3 Nor from the bodyes humors tempred right:

She is the *Vine*, which doth no propping need,
To make her ſpread her ſelfe, or ſpring vpright;
She is a *Starre*, whoſe beames do not proceed
From any *Sunne*; but from a *native* light.

1 That the Soule hath a proper operation without the Body.

For when ſhe ſorts things *preſent* with things *paſt*,
And thereby things to *come* doth oft foreſee,
When ſhe doth *doubt* at firſt, and *chuſe* at laſt;
Theſe acts her owne, without the bodie be.

When of the deaw, which the *eye* and *eare* doe take
From flowers abroad, and bring into the braine,
She doth within both waxe and hony make;
This worke is hers, this is her proper paine.

When ſhe from ſundry acts, one skil doth draw,
Gathering from diuers ſights one Art of warre,
From many Caſes like, one rule of Law;
Theſe her Collections, not the *Senſes* are.

When in th'effects ſhe doth the cauſes know,
And ſeeing the ſtream, thinks where the ſpring doth riſe,
And ſeeing the branch, conceiues the root below;
Theſe things ſhe viewes without the bodies eyes.

When ſhe without a *Pegaſus* doth flye
Swifter then lightnings fire from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*,
About the *Center*, and about the *skie*;
She trauels then, although the bodie reſt.

When

When all her works she formeth first within,
Proportions them, and sees their perfect end,
Ere she in act doth any part begin;
What instruments doth then the body lend?

When without hands she doth thus *Castles* build,
Sees without eyes, and without feete doth runne,
When she digests the world, yet is not fild;
By her owne powers these miracles are done:

When she defines, argues, diuides, compounds,
Considers *vertue*, *vice*, and *generall things*;
And marrying diuers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true conclusion brings:

These actions in her closet all alone,
(Retir'd within her selfe) she doth fulfill;
Vse of her bodies Organs she hath none,
When she doth vse the powers of Wit and Will.

Yet in the bodies prison so she lies,
As through the bodies windowes she must looke,
Her diuers powers of *Sense* to exercise,
By gathering Notes out of the *Worlds* great Booke.

Nor can her selfe discourse, or iudge of ought,
But what the *Sense* collects and home doth bring;
And yet the power of her discoursing thought,
From these Collections, is a diuers thing.

For though our eyes can nought but Colours ſee,
Yet colours giue them not their power of ſight:
So, though theſe fruits of *Senſe* her obiects be,
Yet ſhe diſcernes them by her proper light.

The workeman on his ſtuffe his skill doth ſhow,
And yet the ſtuffe giues not the man his skill:
Kings their affaires do by their ſeruants know;
But order them by their owne royall will.

So though this cunning Miſtreſſe and this Queene,
Doth as her inſtruments the *Senſes* vſe,
To know all things that are *felt*, *heard*, or *ſeene*;
Yet ſhe her ſelfe doth only *iudge* and *chooſe*:

Euen as our great wiſe *Empreſſe* that now raignes,
By *ſoueraigne* title ouer ſundry Lands;
Borrowes in meane affaires her *ſubiects* paines,
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands:

But things of waight and conſequence indeed,
Her ſelfe doth in her chamber them debate;
Where all her Councellers ſhe doth exceede,
As farre in iudgement, as ſhe doth in ſtate.

Or as the man whome ſhe doth now aduance,
Vpon her gracious *mercy-ſeat* to ſit,
Doth common things of courſe and circumſtance,
To the reports of common men commit:

But

But when the cauſe it ſelfe muſt be decreed,
Himſelfe in perſon in his proper Court,
To graue and ſolemne hearing doth proceede,
Of euery proofe, and euery by-report;

Then like Gods Angell he pronounceth right,
And milke and honey from his tongue doth flow;
Happy are they that ſtill are in his ſight,
To reape the wiſdome which his lips do ſow:

Right ſo the *Soule*, which is a Lady free,
And doth the iuſtice of her *State* maintaine;
Becauſe the ſenſes ready ſeruants be,
Attending nigh about her Court, the braine:

By them the formes of outward things ſhe learnes;
For they returne into the fantaſie,
What euer each of them abroad diſcernes;
And there inrole it for the minde to ſee.

But when ſhe ſits to iudge the good and ill,
And ſo diſcerne betwixt the falſe and true;
She is not guided by the *Senſes* skill,
But doth each thing in her owne Mirrour view.

Then ſhe the *Senſes* checks, which oft do erre,
And euen againſt their falſe reports decrees;
And oft ſhe doth condemne, what they preferre;
For with a power aboue the *Senſe*, ſhe ſees.

Therefore no *Senſe* the precious ioyes conceiues,
Which in their priuate Contemplations be,
For then the rauiſht ſpirit the *Senſes* leaues,
Hath her owne powers, and proper actions free.

Her Harmonies are ſweet, and full of skill,
When on the bodies inſtrument ſhe playes;
But the proportions of the *wit* and *will*,
Thoſe ſweet accords are euen the Angels Layes.

Theſe tunes of *Reaſon*, are *Amphions* Lyre,
Wherewith he did the *Thebane* City found,
Theſe are the notes, wherewith the heauenly Quire,
The praiſe of him, which ſpreads the heauen, doth (ſound.

Then her *ſelfe being Nature* ſhines in this,
That ſhe performes her nobleſt workes alone,
" The *worke* the Touch-ſtone of the *nature* is,
" And by their operations things are knowne.

2 That the Soule is more then a perfection or reflection of the ſenſe.

Are they not ſenſleſſe then, that thinke the Soule
Nought but a fine perfection of the *Senſe*,
Or of the formes which *fancie* doth enroll,
A *quicke reſulting* and a *conſequence*?

What is it then that doth the *Senſe* accuſe,
Both of *falſe iudgements*, and *fond appetites*?
Which makes vs do what *Senſe* doth moſt refuſe?
Which oft in torment of the *Senſe* delights?

Senſe

Senſe thinks the *Planets ſpheares* not much aſunder;
What tels vs then their diſtance is ſo farre?
Senſe thinks the lightning borne before the thun-
What tels vs then they both together are? (der;

When men ſeem crows far off vpon a Towre, (men?
Senſe ſaith, th'are crowes; what makes vs thinke them
When we in *Agues* thinke all ſweete things ſowre,
What makes vs know our tongues falſe iudgement
(then?

What power was that, whereby *Medea* ſaw,
And well approu'd, and praiſ'd the better courſe,
When her rebellious *Senſe* did ſo withdraw
Her feeble powers, as ſhe purſu'd the worſe?

Did *Senſe* perſwade *Vlyſſes* not to heare
The Mermayds ſongs; which ſo his men did pleaſe,
As they were all perſwaded through the eare,
To quit the ſhip, and leape into the *ſeas?*

Could any power of *Senſe* the *Romane* moue,
To burne his owne right hand, with courage ſtout?
Could *Senſe* make *Marius* ſit vnbound, and proue
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtleſſe in *Man* there is a *nature* found,
Beſide the *Senſes*, and aboue them farre, (drownd,
" Though moſt men being in ſenſuall pleaſures
" It ſeemes their *Soules* but in the *Senſes* are.

If we had nought but *Sense*, then onely they (sound,
Should haue sound minds, which haue their Senses
But *wisedome* growes, when *Senses* do decay;
And *folly* most in quickest *Sense* is found.

If we had nought but *Sense*, each liuing wight,
Which we call *brute*, would be more sharpe then we,
As hauing Senses *apprehensiue might*,
In a more cleere, and excellent degree.

But they do want that *quicke discoursing power*,
Which doth in vs the erring Sense correct;
Therefore the *Bee* did suck the painted flower,
And *birds* of grapes the cunning shaddow peckt.

Sense outsides knows, the soule through al things sees,
Sense Circumstance, she doth the *substance* view;
Sense sees the barke, but she the life of trees;
Sense heares the sounds, but she the concords true.

But why doe I the *Soule* and *Sense* diuide?
When *Sense* is but a power, which she extends,
Which being in diuers parts diuersifide,
The diuers formes of obiects apprehends?

This power spreads outward, but the roote doth grow
In th'inward *Soule*, which onely doth perceiue;
For th'*eyes* and *eares* no more their obiects know,
Then glasses know what faces they receiue.

For

For if we chance to fixe our thoughts elſewhere,
Although our eyes be ope, wee cannot ſee;
And if one power did not both ſee and heare,
Our ſights and ſounds would alwayes double be.

Then is the *Soule* a nature, which containes
The power of *Senſe*, within a greater power,
Which doth imploy and vſe the *Senſes* paines,
But ſits and rules within her priuate bower.

If ſhe doth then the ſubtile *Senſe* excell, 5
How groſſe are they that drowne her in the blood? That the
Or in the bodyes humors tempred well, Soule is
As if in them ſuch high perfection ſtood? more then
the tem-
perature
As if moſt skill in that *Muſician* were, of the hu-
Which had the beſt, and beſt tun'd inſtrument; mors of
As if the Penſill neate, and colours cleere, the body.
Had power to make the Painter excellent.

Why doth not Beautie then refine the wit?
And good Complexion rectifie the will?
Why doth not Health bring wiſedome ſtill with it?
Why doth not Sickneſſe make men brutiſh ſtill?

Who can in *Memorie*, or *wit*, or *will*,
Or *aire*, or *fire*, or *earth*, or *water* finde;
What Alchymiſt can draw with all his skill,
The *Quinteſſence* of theſe out of the mind?

If

If th'*Elements* which haue nor *life* nor *ſenſe*,
Can breed in vs ſo great a power as this,
Why giue they not themſelues like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If ſhe were but the bodies quality,
Then would ſhe be, with it *ſicke*, *maimd* and *blinde*,
But we perceiue, where theſe priuations be,
A *healthy*, *perfect*, and *ſharpe-ſighted* mind.

If ſhe the bodies nature did partake, ſcay,
Her ſtrength would with the bodies ſtrength de-
But when the bodies ſtrongeſt ſinewes ſlake,
Then is the *Soule* moſt actiue, quicke, and gay.

If ſhe were but the bodies accident,
And her ſole *being* did in it ſubſiſt,
As *white in ſnow*, ſhe might her ſelfe abſent,
And in the bodies ſubſtance not be miſt.

But *it* on *her*, not *ſhe* on *it* depends,
For *ſhee* the body doth ſuſtaine and cheriſh,
Such ſecret powers of life to it ſhe lends,
That when they faile, then doth the body periſh.

Since then the *Soule workes by her ſelfe alone*,
Springs not from ſenſe, nor *humors well agreeing*,
Her nature is peculiar, and her owne,
She is a *Subſtance*, and a *perfect being*.

But though this ſubſtance be the root of *ſenſe*,
Senſe knowes her not, which doth but *bodies* know;
She is a Spirit, and a heauenly influence,
Which from the fountain of Gods Spirit doth flow.

That the Soule is a Spirit.

She is a ſpirit; yet not like *aire*, or *winde*,
Nor like the *ſpirits* about the *heart* or *braine*,
Nor like thoſe ſpirits which Alchymiſts do find,
When they in euery thing ſeeke gold in *vaine*.

Nor

For ſhe all *natures* vnder heauen doth paſſe, (ſee;
Being like thoſe ſpirits, which Gods bright face do
Or like *himſelfe*, whoſe *image* once ſhe was;
Though now (alas) ſhe ſcarce his *ſhadow* be.

Yet of the *formes* ſhe holds the firſt degree,
That are to groſſe materiall bodies knit;
Yet ſhee her ſelfe is *bodileſſe* and free,
And though confin'd, is almoſt infinite.

Were ſhe a *body*, how could ſhe remaine
Within this body, which is leſſe then ſhe?
Or how could ſhe the worlds great ſhape containe,
And in our narrow breſts contained be?

That it cannot be a body.

All *bodies* are confin'd within ſome place,
But *ſhe* all place within her ſelfe confines,
All *bodies* haue their meaſure and their ſpace:
But who can draw the *Soules* dimenſiue lines?

No

No *body* can at once two formes admit,
Except the one the other do deface,
But in the *Soule* ten thouſand formes do ſit,
And none intrudes into her neighbours place.

All *bodies* are with other bodies fild,
But ſhe receiues both heauen and earth together;
Nor are their formes by raſh incounter ſpild,
For there they ſtand, and neither toucheth ether. *either.*

Nor can her wide imbracements filled bee:
For they that moſt, and greateſt things embrace,
Inlarge thereby their minds capacity,
As ſtreames inlarg'd, inlarge the channels ſpace.

All things receiu'd, do ſuch proportion take,
As thoſe things haue wherein they are receiu'd;
So little glaſſes little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames be weau'd:

Then what vaſt body muſt we make the *mind*,
Wherein are men, beaſts, trees, townes, ſeas, & lands;
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion ſtands?

Doubtleſſe this could not be, but that ſhe turnes
Bodies to ſpirits by *ſublimation* ſtrange,
As fire conuerts to fire the things it burnes,
As we our meats into our nature change.

From

From their groſſe *matter* ſhe abſtracts the *formes*,
And drawes a kind of *Quinteſſence* from things,
Which to her proper nature ſhe transformes,
To beare them light on her celeſtiall wings;

This doth ſhe, when from things *particular*,
She doth abſtract the *vniuerſall kinds*,
Which bodileſſe and immateriall are,
And can be lodg'd but onely in our minds;

And thus from diuers *accidents* and *acts*,
Which do within her obſeruation fall,
She goddeſſes, and powers diuine abſtracts,
As *Nature*, *fortune*, and the *vertues* all.

Againe, how can ſhe ſeuerall *bodies* know,
If in her ſelfe a *bodies* forme ſhe beare?
How can a Mirror ſundry faces ſhow,
If from all ſhapes and formes it be not cleere?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learne,
Except our eyes were of all colours voide,
Nor ſundry taſtes can any tongue diſcerne,
Which is with groſſe, and bitter humours cloide.

Nor may a man of *paſſions* iudge aright,
Except his mind be from all paſſions free;
Nor can a *Iudge* his office well acquite,
If he poſſeſt of either partie bee.

If

If laſtly this quicke power a body were,
Were it as ſwift as is the *wind*, or *fire*,
(Whoſe *Atomies* do th'one downe ſide-wayes beare
And make the other in *Pyramids* aſpire,)

Her nimble body yet in *time* muſt moue,
And not in inſtants through all places ſlide;
But ſhe is nigh, and farre, beneath, aboue,
In point of time, which thought can not deuide.

Sh'is ſent as ſoone to *China*, as to *Spaine*,
And thence returnes, as ſoone as ſhe is ſent;
She meaſures with one time, and with one paine,
An Ell of Silke, and heauens wide ſpreading Tent.

As then the *Soule* a ſubſtance hath alone,
Beſides the body, in which ſhe is confin'd;
So hath ſhe not a *body* of her owne,
But is a *ſpirit*, and *immateriall mind*.

Since body and ſoule haue ſuch diuerſities,
Well might we muſe, how firſt their match began;
But that we learne, that *He* that ſpred the skies,
And fixt the earth, firſt form'd the *Soule* in man.

This true *Prometheus* firſt made man of earth,
And ſhed in him a beame of heauenly fire;
Now in their mothers wombes, before their birth,
Doth in all ſonnes of men their *Soules* inſpire.

And

And as *Minerua* is in fables ſaid,
From *Ioue* without a mother to proceed;
So our true *Ioue*, without a mothers ayde,
Doth dayly millions of *Mineruaes* breed.

Then neither from eternity before,
Nor from the time, when *Times* firſt point begun,
Made he all *Soules*, which now he keepes in ſtore,
Some in the Moone, and others in the Sunne:

Erroneus opinions of the creation of ſoules.

Nor in a *ſecret cloiſter* doth he keepe
Theſe Virgin ſpirits, vntill their marriage day,
Nor locks them vp in Chambers, where they ſleep,
Till they awake within theſe beds of clay.

Nor did he firſt a certaine number make,
Infuſing part in *beaſts*, and part in *men*;
And as vnwilling further paines to take,
Would make no more, then thoſe he framed then:

So that the widdow *Soule*, her *body* dying,
Vnto the next borne *body* married was,
And ſo by often changing and ſupplying,
Mens *ſoules* to beaſts, and beaſts to men did paſſe.

(Theſe thoughts are fond; for ſince the bodies borne
Be more in number farre then thoſe that dye,
Thouſands muſt be abortiue, and forlorne,
Ere others deaths to them their *Soules* ſupply.)

But

But as *Gods handmaid*, *Nature* doth create
Bodies in time diſtinct, and other due,
So God giues *Soules* the like ſucceſſiue date,
Which *himſelfe* makes, in bodies formed new.

Which *himſelfe* makes, of no materiall thing,
For vnto Angels he no power hath giuen,
Either to forme the ſhape, or ſtuffe to bring,
From *aire*, or *fire*, or *ſubſtance of the heauen*.

Nor he in this doth *Natures* ſeruice vſe,
For though from bodies ſhe can bodies bring,
Yet could ſhe neuer ſoules from ſoules *traduce*,
As fire from fire, or light from light doth ſpring.

Alas, that ſome, that were great Lights of old,
And in their hands the *Lampe* of God did beare,
Some reuerend Fathers did this error hold,
Hauing their eyes dim'd with religious feare.

For when (ſay they) by rule of faith we find,
That euery *ſoule* vnto her *body* knit,
Brings from the mothers wombe, the *ſinne of kind*,
The roote of all the ill ſhe doth commit.

How can we ſay that God the *Soule* doth make,
But we muſt make him author of her ſinne?
Then from mans ſoule ſhe doth beginning take,
Since in mans ſoule corruption did begin.

For

For if God make her, firſt he makes her ill,
(Which God forbid our thoughts ſhould yeeld vn-
Or makes the body her faire forme to ſpill, (to)
Which of it ſelfe it had no power to doe. hath

Not *Adams Body*, but his *Soule* did ſinne,
And ſo herſelfe vnto corruption brought;
But our poore *Soule* corrupted is within,
Ere ſhee had ſinn'd, either in act, or thought:

And yet we ſee in her ſuch powers diuine,
As we could gladly thinke, *from God ſhee came*,
Faine would we make him Author of the Wine,
If for the dregs we could ſome other blame.

Thus theſe good men, with holy zeale were blind, The anſwere to
When on the other part the truth did ſhine, the obiection.
Whereof we doe cleare demonſtrations find,
By light of *Nature*, and by light *Diuine*.

None are ſo groſſe, as to contend for this,
That Soules from Bodies may traduced bee,
Betweene whoſe natures no proportion is,
When roote and branch in nature ſtill agree.

But many ſubtile wits haue iuſtifi'd,
That *Soules* from *Soules* ſpiritually may ſpring;
Which (if the nature of the *Soule* be tri'd)
Will euen in nature proue as groſſe a thing.

Reasons drawne from Nature.

For all things made, are either made of nought,
Or made of stuffe that ready made doth stand:
Of nought no creature euer formed ought,
For that is proper to th' Almighties hand.

If then the *Soule* another *Soule* doe make,
Because her power is kept within a bound,
Shee must some former stuffe or *matter* take:
But in the *Soule* there is no *matter* found.

Then if her heauenly Forme doe not agree
With any *matter* which the World containes,
Then shee of nothing must created bee,
And to *create*, to God alone pertaines.

Againe, if *Soules* doe other *Soules* beget,
Tis by themselues, or by the bodies power:
If by themselues, what doth their working let,
But they might *Soules* engender euery houre?

If by the Body, how can *wit* and *will*
Ioyne with the Body onely in this act?
Sith when they doe their other works fulfill,
They from the Body doe themselues *abstract*?

Againe, if *Soules* of *Soules* begotten were,
Into each other they should change, and moue,
And *change* and *motion still corruption* beare;
How shall we then the *Soule* immortall proue?

If

If lastly, *Soules* doe generation vse,
Then should they spread incorruptible seed:
What then becomes of that which they do lose,
When th'acts of generation doe not speed?

And though the *Soule* could cast spirituall seed,
Yet *would* she not, because she *neuer dies*;
For mortall things, desire their *like* to breed,
That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the Angels, Sonnes of God are nam'd,
And marry not, nor are in marriage giuen;
Their Spirits & ours are of one *substance* fram'd,
And haue one Father, euen the *Lord of heauen*.

Who would at first, that in each other thing,
The *earth* and *water* liuing *soules* should breed,
But that *Mans soule*, who he would make their king,
Should from himselfe immediatly proceed.

And when he tooke the *woman* from *mans* side,
Doubtlesse himselfe inspir'd her *soule* alone:
For tis not said, he did *Mans soule* diuide,
But tooke *flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.*

Lastly, God, being made man for mans owne sake,
And being like man in all, except in Sin,
His Body from the *Virgins* vvombe did take;
But all agree, *God form'd his soule within.*

Then is the *Soule* from God; so *Pagans* say,
Which saw by *Natures* light, her heauenly kind;
Naming her, *kin to God, and Gods bright ray*,
A Citizen of heauen, to earth confin'd.

But now I feele, they plucke me by the eare,
Whom my young *Muse* so boldly termed blind,
And craue more heauenly light, that cloud to cleare,
Which makes them thinke, God doth not make the (mind.

Reasons drawn frō Diuinitie.

God doubtlesse makes her, and doth make her good,
And graffes her in the body, there to spring;
Which though it be corrupted, flesh and blood
Can no way to the *Soule* corruption bring:

And yet this *Soule* (made good by God at first,
And not corrupted by the Bodies ill)
Euen in the wombe is sinfull, and accurst;
Ere shee can iudge by wit, or chuse by will.

Yet is not God the Author of her sinne,
Though Author of her *being*, and *being there*;
And if we dare to iudge our *Iudge* herein,
He can condemne vs, and himselfe can cleere.

First, God from infinite eternitie
Decreed, what *hath beene*, *is*, or *shall be* done;
And was resolu'd; that euery Man should be,
And in his turne, his race of life should run.

And

And ſo did purpoſe all the *Soules* to make,
That euer *haue been* made, or *euer ſhall*;
And that their *being* they ſhould onely take
In humane Bodies, or not *be* at all.

Was it then fit, that ſuch a weake euent,
(*Weakeneſſe it ſelfe*, the ſinne and fall of Man)
His Counſels execution ſhould preuent,
Decreed and fixt before the world began?

Or that one *penall Law* by *Adam* broke,
Should make God breake his owne *eternall Law*,
The ſettled order of the World reuoke,
And change all forms of things, which he foreſaw?

Could *Eues* weake hand, extended to the tree,
In ſunder rend that *Adamantine chaine*;
Whoſe golden links, *effects* and cauſes be,
And which to Gods own chaire doth fixt remain?

O, could we ſee, how cauſe from cauſe doth ſpring!
How mutually they linkt and folded are!
And heare how oft one diſagreeing ſtring,
The harmony doth rather make then marre!

And view at once, how *death* by *ſinne* is brought!
And how from *death*, a better *life* doth riſe!
How this Gods *iuſtice*, and his *mercy* tought! taught
We this decree would praiſe, as right and wiſe.

But we that measure times by first and last,
The sight of things successiuely doe take,
When God on all at once his view doth cast,
And of all times, doth but one *instant* make.

All in *himselfe* as in a *glasse* hee sees;
For, *from him, by him, through him, all things be,*
His sight is not discoursiue by degrees,
But seeing the whole, each single part doth see.

Hee lookes on *Adam*, as a *roote*, or *well*,
And on his heires, as *branches*, and as *streames*;
He sees *all* men as *one* man, though they dwell
In sundry Cities, and in sundry Realmes.

And as the *roote* and *branch* are but one *Tree*,
And *well*, and *streame*, doe but one *riuer* make;
So, if the *roote*, and *well*, corrupted bee,
The *streame* and *branch* the same corruption take.

So, when the roote and fountaine of mankind,
Did draw corruption, and Gods curse by sin,
This was a charge, that all his heires did bind,
And all his of-spring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th'hand doth strike, the Man offends;
(For *part from whole, Law seuers not in this,*)
So, *Adams* sinne, to the whole kind extends;
For all their Natures are but part of his.

There-

Therefore this *ſinne of kind*, not perſonall,
But reall, and hereditary was;
The guilt whereof, and puniſhment to all,
By courſe of Nature, and of Law doth paſſe.

For as that eaſie Law was giuen to all,
To anceſtor, and heire, to firſt, and laſt;
So vvas the firſt tranſgreſſion generall,
And all did pluck the fruit, and all did taſt.

Of this we find ſome footſteps in our Law,
Which doth her roote from God and Nature take;
Ten thouſand Men ſhe doth together draw,
And of them all, one Corporation make:

Yet theſe, and their Succeſſors are but one,
And if they gaine, or loſe their liberties,
They harme, or profit not themſelues alone,
But ſuch as in ſucceeding time ſhall riſe.

And ſo the Anceſtor, and all his heires,
Though they in number paſſe the ſtars of heauen,
Are ſtill but one; his *forfeitures* are theirs,
And vnto them are his aduancements giuen.

His Ciuill acts doe bind and bar them all;
And as from *Adam* all corruption take,
So, if the Fathers crime be *capitall*,
In all the *bloud*, Law doth *corruption* make.

Is it then iuſt with vs, to disinherit
The vnborne Nephewes, for the Fathers fault?
And to aduance againe for one mans merit,
A thouſand heires, that haue deſerued nought?

And is not Gods Decree as iuſt as ours,
If he for *Adams* ſinne, his ſonnes depriue
Of all thoſe natiue vertues, and thoſe powers,
Which he to him, and to his race did giue?

For what is this contagious ſinne of kind,
But a priuation of that grace within?
And of that great rich dowry of the mind,
Which all had had, but for the firſt mans ſin?

If then a man on light conditions gaine
A great eſtate, to him and his for euer,
If wilfully he forfeit it againe,
Who doth bemone his heire? or blame the giuer?

So though God make the *Soule* good, rich and faire,
Yet when her forme is to the body knit,
Which makes the Man, which Man is *Adams heire*,
Iuſtly forth-with he takes his grace from it:

And then the *Soule*, being firſt from nothing brought,
When Gods grace failes her, doth to nothing fall,
And this *declining proneneſſe vnto nought*,
Is euen that ſinne that we are borne withall.

Yet

Yet not alone the first good qualities,
Which in the first *Soule* were, depriued are,
But in their place the contrary doe rise,
And reall sports of sinne her beauty marre. sports

Nor is it strange, that *Adams* ill desart, desert
Should be transferd vnto his guilty Race;
When *Christ* his grace and iustice doth impart
To men vniust, and such as haue no grace.

Lastly, the *Soule* were better so to bee
Borne slaue to sinne, then not to be at all;
Since (if she do belieue) one sets her free,
That makes her mount the higher from her fall. for

Yet this the curious wits will not content,
They yet will know, (sith God fore-saw this ill)
Why his high Prouidence did not preuent
The declination of the first mans will.

If by his Word he had the current staid
Of *Adams* will, which was by nature free;
It had been one, as if his Word had said,
I will hence-forth, that *Man no man shall bee.*

For what is Man without a mouing mind,
Which hath a iudging *wit*, and chusing *will?*
Now, if Gods power should her election bind,
Her motions then would cease, and stand all still.

And

And why did God in man this *Soule* infuſe,
But that he ſhould his Maker *know*, and *loue*?
Now, if *loue* be compeld, and cannot chuſe,
How can it gratefull, or thanke-worthy proue?

Loue muſt free-hearted be, and voluntary,
And not enchanted, or by Fate conſtraind;
Not like that loue, which did *Vlyſſes* carry
To *Circes* Ile, with mighty charmes enchaind.

Beſides, were we vnchangeable in *will*,
And of a *wit* that nothing could miſdeeme,
Equall to God, whoſe wiſedome ſhineth ſtill,
And neuer erres, we might our ſelues eſteeme.

So that if Man would be vnuariable,
He muſt be God, or like a Rock, or Tree;
For euen the perfect Angels were not ſtable,
But had a fall, more deſperate then wee.

Then let vs praiſe that Power, which makes vs be
Men as we are, and reſt contented ſo;
And knowing Mans fall was curioſitie,
Admire Gods counſels, which we cannot know.

And let vs know that God the Maker is
Of all the *Soules*, in all the men that bee;
Yet their Corruption is no fault of his,
But the firſt Mans, that broke Gods firſt decree.

This ſubſtance and this *Spirit* of *Gods owne making*,
Is in the body plac't, and planted here;
That both of God and of the World partaking,
Of all that is, man might the image beare.

Why the ſoule is vnited to the body.

God firſt made Angels bodileſſe pure minds,
Then other things, which mindleſſe bodies bee;
Laſt, he made Man, th' *Horizon* twixt both kinds,
In whom we doe the worlds abridgement ſee.

Beſides, this world below did need *one wight*,
Which might thereof diſtinguiſh euery part,
Make vſe thereof, and take therein delight,
And order things with induſtry, and Art:

Which alſo God might in his works admire,
And here beneath, yeeld him both prayer & praiſe;
As there, aboue, the holy Angels Quire
Doth ſpread his glory, with ſpirituall Layes.

Laſtly, the bruite vnreaſonable wights,
Did want a *viſible King* on them to raigne;
And God himſelfe thus to the world vnites,
That ſo the world might endleſſe bliſſe obtaine.

brute

But how ſhall we this *vnion* well expreſſe?
Nought ties the *Soule*, her ſubtiltie is ſuch,
She moues the body, which ſhe doth poſſeſſe,
Yet no part toucheth, but by *Vertues* tuch.

In what maner the ſoule is vnited to the body.

Then

Then dwells she not therein, as in a Tent;
Nor as a Pilot in his Ship doth sit;
Nor as a Spider in her Web is pent;
Nor as the Waxe retaines the print in it;

Nor as a Vessell water doth containe;
Nor as one Liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the Fire remaine;
Nor as a voice throughout the Aire is spred:

But as the faire, and cheerefull *Morning light*,
Doth here and there her siluer beames impart,
And in an instant doth herselfe vnite
To the transparent Aire, in all and part;

Still resting whole, when blowes the Aire diuide,
Abiding pure, when th' Aire is most corrupted,
Throughout the Aire her beames dispersing wide,
And when the Aire is tost, not interrupted:

So doth the piercing *Soule* the body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd,
Indiuisible, vncorrupted still,
Not forc't, encountred, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the *Sunne* aboue the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the Aire below;
So from th'eternall Light the *Soule* doth spring,
Though in the body she her powers doe show.

But as the Worlds *Sunne* doth effects beget
Diuers, in diuers places euery day;
Here *Autumnes* temperature, there *Summers* heat,
Here flowry *Spring-tide*, and there *Winter* gray;

How the soule doth exercise her powers in the body.

Here *Eue*, there *Morn*, here *Noon*, there *Day*, there *Night*
Melts wax, dries clay, makes flowres some quick, som (dead,
Makes the *More* black, & th' *European* white,
Th' *American* tawny, and th' *East Indian* red:

So in our little World, this *Soule* of ours,
Being onely one, and to one body tied,
Doth vse on diuers obiects diuers powers,
And so are her effects diuersified.

Her quickning power in euery liuing part,
Doth as a Nurse, or as a Mother serue,
And doth employ her *Oeconomicke Art*,
And busie care, her household to preserue.

The vegetatiue or quickning power.

Here she *attracts*, and there she doth *retaine*,
There she *decocts*, and doth the food prepare,
There she *distributes* it to euery veine,
There she *expels* what she may fitly spare.

This power to *Martha* may compared bee,
Which busie was, the *household things* to doe;
Or to a *Dryas* liuing in a Tree,
For euen to Trees this power is proper too.

And

And though the *Saule* may not this power extend
Out of the body, but ſtill vſe it there,
She hath a power, which ſhe abroad doth ſend,
Which viewes & ſearcheth all things euery where.

The power of Senſe.

This power is Senſe, which from abroad doth ſpring,
The *colour*, *taſte*, and *touch*, and *ſcent*, and *ſound*,
The *quantity* and *ſhape* of euery thing,
Within th'earths Center, or heaues Circle found.

This power in parts made fit, fit obiects takes,
Yet not the things, but formes of things receiues;
As when a Seale in Waxe impreſſion makes,
The print therein, but not it ſelfe it leaues.

And though things ſenſible be numberleſſe,
But onely fiue the *Senſes* Organs bee;
And in thoſe fiue, All things their formes expreſſe,
Which we can *touch*, *taſte*, *feele*, or *heare*, or ſee.

Small.

Theſe are the windows, through the which ſhe views
The *light of knowledge*, which is lifes Load-ſtar;
" And yet whiles ſhe theſe ſpectacles doth vſe,
" Oft worldly things ſeeme greater then they are.

Sight.

Firſt, the two *Eyes*, which haue the *Seeing* power,
Stand as one Watchman, Spy, or Sentinell,
Being plac'd aloft within the Heads high Tower,
And though both ſee, yet both but one thing tell.

Theſe

These Mirrors take into their little ſpace,
The formes of *Moone* and *Sunne*, and euery *Star*,
Of euery body, and of euery place, (art.
Which with the worlds wide Armes embraced

Yet their beſt obiect, and their nobleſt vſe,
Hereafter in another world will bee;
When God in them ſhall heauenly light infuſe,
That face to face they may their *Maker* ſee.

Here are they Guides, which doe the body lead,
Which elſe would ſtumble in eternall night;
Here in this world they doe much knowledge *read*,
And are the Caſements which admit moſt light:

They are her fartheſt reaching Inſtrument,
Yet they no beames vnto their obiects ſend,
But all the rayes are from their Obiects ſent,
And in the *Eyes* with pointed angles end.

If th'obiects be farre off, the rayes doe meet
In a ſharpe point, and ſo things ſeeme but ſmall;
If they be nere, their rayes doe ſpread and fleete,
And make broad points, that things ſeeme great (withall.

Laſtly, Nine things to *Sight* required are,
The *power* to ſee the *light*, the *viſible* thing,
Beeing not too *ſmall*, too *thin*, too *nigh*, too *far*,
Cleare ſpace, and *time* the forme diſtinct to bring.

Thus

Thus see wee, how the *Soule* doth vse the Eyes,
As instruments of her quick power of sight,
Hence do th'Arts *Opticke*, and faire *painting* rise;
Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

Hearing. Now let vs heare, how shee the *Eares* employes,
Their office is the troubled Aire to take,
Which in their Mazes formes a sound or noise,
Whereof her selfe doth true distinction make.

These wickers of the *Soule* are plac'd on hie,
Because all sounds doe lightly mount aloft,
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delayed with turnes and winding oft,

For should the voice directly strike the braine,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits & folds the sound restraine,
That it the Organ may more gently touch.

As Streames, which with their winding banks do play
Stopt by their creeks, run softly throgh the plaine
So in the Eares Labyrinth, the voice doth stray,
And doth with easie motion touch the braine.

It is the sloweſt, yet the daintieſt *Senſe*;
For euen the *Eares*, of ſuch as haue no skill,
Perceiue a diſcord, and conceiue Offence,
And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill.

An

And though this *Sense* first gentle *Musike* found,
Her proper obiect is *the speech of men*; (sound,
But that speech chiefly which Gods Heralds
When their Tongs vtter, what his Spirit did pen.

Our *Eyes* haue lids, our *Eares* still ope we see;
Quickly to heare, how euery tale is proued;
Our *Eyes* still moue, our *Eares* vnmoued bee; (ued.
That though we hear quick, we be not quickly mo-

Thus by the Organs of the *Eye* and *Eare*,
The *Soule* with knowledge doth her selfe endew;
Thus she her prison may with pleasure beare,
Hauing such prospects, all the World to view. perspects

These Conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
But th'other three attend the Body still:
For by their seruices the *Soule* doth find,
What things are to the Body, good or ill.

The Bodies life with meats and Aire is fed,
Therefore the *Soule* doth vse the *tasting* power, Taste.
In veines, which through the Tong & Palate spred,
Distinguish euery relliſh, sweet, and sower.

This is the Bodies *Nurse*; but since mans wit
Found th'Art of *Cookery*, to delight his *Sense*,
More bodies are consum'd and kild with it,
Then with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

Smelling. *Next*, in the Noſthrils ſhe doth vſe the *ſmell*,
As God the *breath* of *life* in them did giue,
So makes he now his power in them to dwell,
To iudge all Aires, whereby we *breathe* & *liue*.

This *Senſe* is alſo Miſtreſſe of an Art;
Which to ſoft people ſweet perfumes doth ſell:
Though this deare Art doth little good impart,
Sith they ſmell beſt, that do of nothing ſmell.

And yet good *ſents* doe purifie the braine,
Awake the Fancie, and the Wits refine;
Hence old *Deuotion*, *Incenſe* did ordaine,
To make mens ſpirits more apt for thoughts di-
(uine.

Feeling. *Laſtly*, *the feeling power*, which is Lifes roote,
Through euery liuing part it ſelfe doth ſhed,
By *ſinewes* which extend from head to foote,
And like a Net all ore the body ſpred.

Much like a ſubtile Spider, which doth ſit
In middle of her Web, which ſpreadeth wide,
If ought do touch the vtmoſt thred of it,
Shee feeles it inſtantly on euery ſide.

By *touch* the firſt pure qualities we learne,
Which quicken all things, *hote*, *cold*, *moiſt*, and *dry*;
By *touch*, *hard*, *ſoft*, *rough*, *ſmooth*, we doe diſcerne;
By *touch*, *ſweet pleaſure*, and *ſharpe paine* we try.

Theſe

These are the outward Instruments of *Sense*,
These are the *Guards*, which euery thing must passe,
Ere it approch the minds intelligence,
Or touch the Fantasie, *Wits looking-glasse*,

And yet these Porters which all things admit, The imagination or common sense.
Themselues perceiue not, nor discerne the things:
One *Common* power doth in the forehead sit,
Which all their proper formes together brings.

For all those *Nerues*, which *spirits of Sense* do beare,
And to those outward Organs spreading go,
Vnited are as in a Center there; (know.
And there this power those sundry formes doth

Those outward Organs present things receiue,
This inward *Sense* doth absent things retaine;
Yet straight transmits all forms she doth perceiue,
Vnto a higher region of the *braine*.

Where *Fantasie*, neere hand-maid to the mind, The Fantasie.
Sits, and beholds, and doth discerne them all;
Compounds in one, things diuerse in their kind;
Compares the black and white, the great & small.

Besides, those single formes she doth esteeme,
And in her Ballance doth their values try,
Where some things good, and some things ill doe
And neutrall some in her *Fantastike* eye. (seeme,

This buſie power is working day and night;
For when the outward *Senſes* reſt doe take,
A thouſand dreames fantaſticall and light,
With fluttering wings do keepe her ſtill awake.

The ſenſitiue memorie.

Yet alwaies all may not afore her bee,
Succeſſiuely ſhe this, and that intends;
Therefore ſuch formes as ſhee doth ceaſe to ſee,
To *Memories* large volume ſhee commends.

This *Lidger Booke* lies in the braine behind,
Like *Ianus* eye, which in his poll was ſet;
The *Lay-mans Tables, Storehouſe of the mind*,
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here *Senſes Apprehenſion* end doth take;
As when a ſtone is into water caſt,
One Circle doth another Circle make,
Till the laſt Circle touch the banke at laſt.

The paſſions of Senſe.

But though the *Apprehenſion power* doe pauſe,
The *Motiue* vertue then begins to moue,
Which in the heart below doth *paſſions* cauſe,
Joy, griefe, and *feare*, and *hope*, and *hate*, and *loue*.

Theſe paſſions haue a free commanding might,
And diuers actions in our life doe breed;
For, all acts done without true reaſons light,
Doe from the paſſion of the *Senſe* proceed.

But

But ſith the *Braine* doth lodge the powers of *Senſe*,
How makes it in the heart thoſe paſſions ſpring?
The mutuall loue, the kind intelligence
Twixt heart and braine, this *Sympathy* doth bring.

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth raigne,
The *ſpirits* of life doe their beginning take;
Theſe *ſpirits* of life aſcending to the braine,
When they come there, the *ſpirits* of *Senſe* do make.

Theſe *ſpirits* of *Senſe* in Fantaſies high Court,
Iudge of the formes of *Obiects* ill or well,
And ſo they ſend a good or ill report
Downe to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be *good*, it cauſeth *loue*,
And longing *hope*, and well aſſured *ioy*;
If it be *ill*, then doth it *hatred* moue,
And trembling *feare*, and vexing *griefes* annoy.

Yet were theſe naturall affections good,
(For they which want them, *blocks* or *diuels* be)
If *Reaſon* in her firſt perfection ſtood,
That ſhe might *Natures* paſſions rectifie.

Beſides, another *Motiue* power doth riſe
Out of the heart, frō whoſe pure bloud do ſpring
The *Vitall ſpirits*, which borne in *Arteries*,
Continuall motion to all parts doe bring.

The locall motion.

This makes the pulſes beate, and lungs reſpire,
This holds the ſinewes like a Bridles reines,
And makes the body to aduance, retire,
To turne, or ſtop, as ſhe then ſlacks, or ſtraines.

Thus the *Soule* tunes the *Bodies* Inſtrument,
Theſe harmonies ſhe makes with *life* and *ſenſe*;
The Organs fit are by the body lent,
But th'actions flow from the *Soules* influence.

The intellectual powers of the ſoule.

But now I haue a *will*, yet want a *wit*,
To expreſſe the working of the *wit* and *will*;
Which though their roote be to the body knit,
Vſe not the body, when they vſe their skill.

Theſe powers the nature of the *Soule declare*,
For to mans *Soule* theſe onely propet bee,
For on the earth no other wights there are,
Which haue theſe heauenly powers, but only wee.

The wit or vnderſtanding.

The *wit*, the pupill of the *Soules* cleare eye,
And in mans world the onely ſhining *Starre*,
Lookes in the mirror of the Fantaſie,
Where all the gatherings of the *Senſes* are.

Frō thence this power the ſhapes of things abſtracts,
And them within her *paſsiue part* receiues,
Which are enlightned by that part which *acts*,
And ſo the formes of ſingle things perceiues.

But

But after, by diſcourſing to and fro,
Anticipating, and comparing things,
She doth all vniuerſall natures know,
And all *effects* into their *cauſes* brings.

Whé ſhe *rates* things, & moues frō ground to ground, Reaſon.
The name of *Reaſon* ſhe obtaines by this:
But when by reaſons ſhe the truth hath found,
And *ſtandeth fixt*, ſhe *Vnderſtanding* is. Vnder-ſtanding.

When her aſſent ſhe *lightly* doth encline
To either part, ſhe is *opinion light*: Opinion.
But when ſhe doth by principles define
A certaine truth, ſhe hath *true iudgements* ſight. Iudge-ment.

And as from *Senſes Reaſons* worke doth ſpring,
So many *Reaſons vnderſtanding* gaine,
And many *vnderſtandings*, *knowledge* bring,
And by much *knowledge*, *wiſedome* we obtaine.

So, many ſtayres we muſt aſcend vpright,
Ere we attaine to *Wiſedomes* high degree;
So doth this earth eclipſe our reaſons light,
Which elſe (in inſtants) would like Angels ſee.

Yet hath the *Soule* a dowrie naturall,
And *ſparks of light*, ſome common things to ſee;
Not being a *blanke*, where nought is writ at all,
But what the Writer wil, may written be.

For

For Nature in mans heart her lawes doth pen,
Prescribing *truth* to *wit*, and *good* to *will*;
Which doe *accuse*, or else *excuse* all men,
For euery thought, or practise, good or ill.

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
Making the World, and all therein their food;
As fire so spreads as no place holdeth it,
Being nourisht still, with new supplies of wood.

And though these sparks were almost quencht with sin,
Yet they whom that *Just one* hath Iustifide,
Haue them encreasd, with heauenly light within,
And like the *Widowes oyle*, still multiplide.

will, The power of will.

And as this *wit* should goodnesse truely know,
We haue a *wit* which that true good should chuse;
Though *will* do oft, (whē *wit* false forms doth show)
Take *ill* for *good*, and *good* for *ill* refuse.

The Relations betwixt wit and will.

Will puts in practice what the *wit* deuiseth,
Will euer acts, and *wit* contemplates still;
And as from *wit*, the power of *wisedome* riseth,
All other vertues daughters are of *will*.

Will is the *Prince*, and *wit* the Counseller,
Which doth for common good in Counsell sit,
And when *wit* is resolu'd, *will* lends her power
To execute, what is aduis'd by *wit*.

Wit

wit is the minds chiefe Iudge, which doth controule
Of *Fancies* Court the iudgements falſe and vaine;
Will holds the royall Scepter in the *Soule*,
And on the paſſions of the heart doth raigne.

Will is as free as any Emperour,
Nought can reſtraine her *gentle* libertie;
No Tyrant, nor no Torment hath the power
To make vs *will*, when we *vnwilling* bee.

To theſe high powers a Store-houſe doth pertaine, The intel-
Where they all Arts and generall Reaſons lay; lectuall
Which in the *Soule*, euen after death remaine, memory.
And not *Lethean* Flood can waſh away.

This is the *Soule*, and thoſe her vertues be; theſe
Which thogh they haue their ſundry proper ends,
And one exceeds another in degree,
Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our wit is giuen, *Almighty* God to *know*;
Our *will* is giuen, to *loue* him being *knowne*;
But God could not be *knowne* to vs below,
But by his *works*, which through the *ſenſe* are ſhown.

And as the *wit* doth reape the fruits of *Senſe*,
So doth the *quickning* power the *Senſes feed:*
Thus while they do their ſundry gifts diſpence,
The beſt the ſeruice of the leaſt doth need.

Euen

Euen ſo the King his Magiſtrates doe ſerue,
Yet Commons feede both Magiſtrate and King;
The Commons peace the Magiſtrates preſerue,
By borrowed power, which from the Prince doth (ſpring.

The *quickning power* would *be*, and ſo would reſt;
The *Senſe* would not *be* onely, but *be well*;
But *wits* ambition longeth to be *beſt*;
For it deſires in endleſſe bliſſe to dwell.

And theſe three powers, 3. ſorts of men do make,
For ſome, like plants, their veines doe onely fill,
And ſome, like beaſts, their ſenſes pleaſure take;
And ſome, like Angels, doe contemplate ſtill.

Therfore the fables turnd ſome men to flowers,
And others did with brutiſh formes inueſt;
And did of others make Celeſtiall powers;
Like Angels, which ſtill trauell, yet ſtill reſt.

Yet theſe 3. powers are not three *Soules*, but one,
As one and two are both containd in *three*,
Three being one number by it ſelfe alone,
A ſhadow of the bleſſed Trinitie.

An Acclamatiō.

O *what* is Man (great Maker of mankind)
That thou to him ſo great reſpect doſt beare!
That thou adornſt him with ſo bright a mind,
Mak'ſt him a King, and euen an Angels peere!

O

O what a liuely life, what heauenly power,
What ſpreading vertue, what a ſparkling fire,
How great, how plentifull, how rich a dowre,
Dooſt thou within this dying fleſh inſpire!

Thou leau'ſt thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image thou in Man haſt writ;
There cannot be a creature more diuine,
Except (like thee) it ſhould be infinite.

But it exceeds mans thought, to think how high
God hath raiſd *man*, ſince *God* a *man* became;
The Angels doe admire this *myſterie*,
And are aſtoniſht when they view the ſame.

Nor hath he giuen theſe bleſſings for a day,
Nor made them on the bodies life depend;
The *Soule*, though made in time, *ſurviues for aye*;
And though it hath beginning, ſees no end.

That the ſoule is immortal, and cannot die.

Her onely *end*, is *neuer-ending* bliſſe,
Which is, *th' eternall face of God to ſee*,
Who, *laſt of ends*, and *firſt of cauſes is*;
And to doe this, ſhe muſt *eternall* bee.

How ſenſleſſe then and dead a *Soule* hath hee,
Which *thinks* his *Soule* doth with his body die?
Or *thinks* not ſo, but ſo would haue it bee,
That he might ſinne with more ſecuritie?

For

For though theſe light and vicious perſons ſay,
Our *Soule* is but a ſmoke, or airy blaſt;
Which during life doth in our noſtrils play,
And when we die, doth turne to wind at laſt:

Although they *ſay, Come, let vs eate and drinke,*
Our life is but a ſparke, which quickly dies;
Though thus they *ſay*, they know not what to *think*,
But in their minds ten thouſand doubts ariſe.

Therefore no Heretikes deſire to ſpread
Their light opinions, like theſe *Epicures*;
For ſo their ſtaggering thoughts are comforted,
And other mens aſſent their doubt aſſures.

Yet though theſe men againſt their cõſcience ſtriue,
There are ſome ſparkles in their flinty breaſts,
Which cannot be extinct, but ſtill reuiue;
That, though they would, they cannot quite be (*beaſts*.

But who ſo makes a Mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himſelfe therein,
His *Soules* eternity ſhall clearely find;
Though th'other beauties be defac't with ſin.

1. Reaſon, Drawne from the deſire of knowledg.

Firſt, in mans mind we find an appetite,
To *learne* and *know the truth* of euery thing;
Which is conaturall, and borne with it,
And from the *Eſſence* of the *Soule* doth ſpring.

With

With this *desire* she hath a natiue *might*,
To find out euery truth, if shee had time;
Th'innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degrees from cause to cause to clime.

But sith our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry Eagle through the wind,
Or as a Ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leaue no print behind:

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the sense doe
That our short race of life is at an end, (straine;
Ere we the principles of skill attaine.

Or God (which to vaine ends hath nothing done)
In vaine this *appetite* and *power* hath giuen;
Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
Hereafter must be perfected in heauen.

God neuer gaue a *power* to one whole kind,
But most part of that kind did vse the same;
Most eyes haue perfect sight, though som be blind,
Most legs can nimbly run, though some be lame:

But in this life no *Soule* the truth can know
So perfectly, as it hath power to doe:
If then perfection be not found below,
An higher place must make her mount thereto.

Againe,

2. Reason. Drawn from the motion of the Soule.

Againe, how can she but immortall be?
When with the motions of both *will* and *wit*,
She still aspireth to Eternitie;
And neuer rests, till she attaine to it.

Water in Conduit-pipes can rise no higher
Then the well head, frō whence it first doth spring;
Then sith to eternall GOD shee doth aspire,
Shee cannot be but an eternall thing.

"All mouing things to other things do moue,
"Of the same kind, which shewes their nature such;
So *earth* falls downe, and *fire* doth mount aboue,
Till both their proper Elements do touch.

The Soule compared to a Riuer.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the Sea, to fill her empty veines,
From out her wombe at last doth take a birth,
And runnes a *Nymph* along the grassie plaines:

Long doth shee stay, as loth to leaue the Land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make;
Shee tastes all places, turnes to euery hand,
Her flowry banks vnwilling to forsake:

Yet *Nature* so her streames doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no finall stay,
Till she herselfe vnto the *Ocean* marry,
Within whose watry bosome first she lay:

Euen

Euen ſo the *Soule*, which in this earthly mould
The Spirit of God doth ſecretly infuſe,
Becauſe at firſt ſhe doth the earth behold,
And onely this materiall world ſhe viewes.

At firſt our *mother earth* ſhe holdeth dere,
And doth embtace the world and worldly things;
She flies cloſe by the ground, and houers here,
And mounts not vp with her celeſtiall wings.

Yet vnder heauen ſhe cannot light on ought,
That with her heauenly *nature* doth agree;
She cannot reſt, ſhe cannot fixe her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did euer yet in *honour*, *wealth*,
Or *pleaſure of the ſenſe* contentment find?
Who euer ceaſd to wiſh, when he had *health*,
Or hauing *wiſedome*, was not vext in mind?

Then as a *Bee* which among weeds doth fall,
Which ſeeme ſweet flowers, with luſtre freſh, and gay;
She lights on that, & this, and taſteth all,
But pleaſd with none, doth riſe, and ſoare away:

So when the *Soule* finds here no true content,
And like *Noahs* Doue, can no ſure footing take;
She doth returne from whence ſhe firſt was ſent;
And flies to *him* that firſt her wings did make.

Wit, seeking *truth*, from cause to cause ascends;
And neuer rests, till it the *first* attaine,
Will, seeking *good*, finds many middle ends;
But neuer staies, till it the *last* doe gaine.

Now God the *Truth* and *first of Causes* is,
God is the *last good end*, which lasteth still;
Being *Alpha* and *Omega* nam'd for this,
Alpha to *wit*, *Omega* to the *will*.

Sith then her heauenly kind she doth bewray,
In that to God she doth directly moue,
And on no mortall thing can make her stay;
She cannot be from hence, but from *aboue*.

And yet this *first true Cause*, and *last good End*,
She cannot here so *well*, and *truely* see;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
Till to her *Maker* she espoused bee.

As a *Kings* daughter, being in person sought
Of diuers Princes, which doe neighbour neare,
On none of them can fixe a constant thought;
Though she to all doe lend a gentle eare:

Yet can she loue a Forraine *Emperour*,
Whom of great worth & power she heares to be;
If she be woo'd but by *Embassadour*,
Or but his *Letters*, or his *picture* see:

For

For well ſhe knowes, that when ſhe ſhal be brought
Into the *Kingdom* where her *Spouſe* doth raigne,
Her eyes ſhall ſee, what ſhe conceiu'd in thought,
Himſelfe, his ſtate, his glory, and his traine:

So while the *Virgin Soule* on *Earth* doth ſtay,
She woo'd and tempted is ten thouſand wayes
By theſe great powers, which on the *earth* beare
The *wiſedom of the world, wealth, pleaſure, praiſe.* (ſway;

With theſe ſometime ſhe doth her time beguile,
Theſe doe by fits her fantaſie poſſeſſe;
But ſhe diſtaſtes them all within awhile,
And in the ſweeteſt finds a Tediouſneſſe.

But if vpon the Worlds Almighty King,
She once do fixe her humble louing thought,
Which by his *picture* drawne in euery thing,
And *ſacred meſſages* her *loue* hath ſought:

Of him ſhe thinks ſhe cannot thinke too much;
This hony taſted ſtill, is euer ſweet;
The pleaſure of her rauiſht thought is ſuch,
As almoſt here, ſhe with her bliſſe doth meete.

But when in heauen ſhe ſhall his *Eſſence* ſee,
This is her *ſouereaine good*, and *perfect bliſſe*;
Her longings, wiſhings, hopes, all finiſht bee,
Her ioyes are full, her motions reſt in this:

There is ſhe crownd with garlands of *content*;
There doth ſhe Manna eate, and Nectar drinke;
That preſence doth ſuch high delights preſent,
As neuer tongue could ſpeake, nor heart could (thinke

3. Reaſon. From contempt of death in the better ſort of ſpirits.

For this the better *Soules* do oft deſpiſe
The bodies death, and do it oft deſire:
For when on ground the burthened ballance lies,
The empty part is lifted vp the higher.

But if the bodies death the *Soule* ſhould kill,
Then death muſt needs *againſt her nature* be;
And were it ſo, all *Soules* would flie it ſtill;
For Nature hates and ſhunnes her contrary.

For all things elſe, which Nature makes to bee,
Their *being* to preſerue are chiefly taught;
For though ſome things deſire a change to ſee,
Yet neuer thing did long to turne to naught.

If then by death the *Soule* were quenched quite,
She could not thus againſt her nature runne;
Sith euery ſenſleſſe thing by Natures light,
Doth preſeruation ſeeke, deſtruction ſhunne.

Nor could the worlds beſt ſpirits ſo much erre,
If death tooke all, that they ſhould all agree,
Before this life their *honor* to preferre;
For what is praiſe to things that nothing bee?

Againe

Againe, if by the bodies prop she stand,
If on the bodies life, her life depend,
As *Meleagers* on the fatall brand,
The bodies good she onely would intend.

We should not find her halfe so braue and bold,
To lead it to the warres, and to the Seas;
To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease.

Doubtlesse all *Soules* haue a suruiuing thought,
Therefore of death we thinke with quiet mind,
But if we thinke of *being turn'd to nought*,
A trembling horror in our *Soules* we find.

And as the better spirit, when she doth beare
A scorne of death, doth shew she cannot die;
So when the wicked *Soule* deaths face doth feare,
Euen then she proues her owne eternity.

4. Reason. From the feare of death in the wicked soules.

For when Deaths forme appeares, she feareth not
An vtter quenching, or extinguishment;
She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
That so she might all future ill preuent:

But shee doth doubt what after may befall;
For Natures law accuseth her within,
And saith, T'is true that is affirm'd by all,
That after death there is a paine for sin.

Then ſhe, which hath beene hudwinkt frō her birth,
Doth firſt herſelfe within Deaths mirror ſee;
And when her body doth returne to earth,
She firſt takes care, how ſhe alone ſhall bee.

Who euer ſees theſe irreligious men,
With burthen of a ſickneſſe weake and faint;
But heares them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their *Soules* to euery Saint?

When was there euer curſed *Atheiſt* brought,
Vnto the *ſiebbet*, but he did adore
That bleſſed Power, which he had ſet at nought,
Scorn'd and blaſphemed, all his life before?

Theſe light vaine perſons ſtill are drunke & mad,
With ſurfettings, and pleaſures of their youth;
But at their death's they are freſh, ſober, ſad;
Then they diſcerne, & then they ſpeak the truth.

If then all *Soules*, both good and bad, doe teach,
With generall voice, that *Soules* can neuer die;
Tis not mans flattering gloſe, but *Natures ſpeach*;
Which like *Gods* Oracle, can neuer lie.

5. Reaſon. From the generall deſire of Immortalitie.

Hence ſprings that vniuerſall ſtrong deſire,
Which all men haue of Immortality;
Not ſome few ſpirits vnto this thought aſpire,
But all mens minds in this vnited be.

The

Then this desire of Nature is not vaine,
"She couets not Impossibilities;
"Fond thoughts may fall into some idle braine,
"But one *Assent* of all, is euer wise.

From hence that generall care and study springs,
That *Ivunching* and *progression of the mind*,
Which all men haue so much of future things;
As they no ioy doe in the present find.

From this desire, that maine desire proceeds,
Which all men haue, suruiuing Fame to gaine,
By *Tombes*, by *Bookes*, by memorable *Deedes*,
For she that this desires, doth still remaine.

Hence lastly springs Care of posterities,
For things their kind would euerlasting make;
Hence is it, that old men do plant young Trees;
The fruit whereof another Age shall take.

If we these Rules vnto our selues apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind;
All these true notes of immortalitie,
In our *Hearts Tables* we shall written find.

6. Reason. From the very doubt and disputation of immortalitie.

And though some impious wits do questions moue,
And doubt if *Soules* immortall be, or no;
That *doubt* their immortalitie doth proue,
Because they seeme immortall things to know.

For he which reaſons on both parts doth bring,
Doth ſome things mortall, ſome immortall call;
Now if himſelfe were but a mortall thing,
He could not iudge immortall things at all.

For when we iudge, our minds we mirrors make;
And as thoſe glaſſes which materiall bee,
Formes of materiall things do onely take;
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot ſee:

So when we God and Angels do conceiue,
And thinke of *truth*, which is eternall too;
Then do our minds immortall formes receiue,
Which if they mortall were, they could not doo.

And as if beaſts conceiu'd what reaſon were,
And that conception ſhould diſtinctly ſhow,
They ſhould the name of *reaſonable* beare;
For without *Reaſon*, none could *reaſon* know:

So when the *Soule* mounts with ſo high a wing,
As of eternall things ſhe *doubts* can moue;
Shee proofes of her eternity doth bring,
Euen when ſhe ſtriues the contrary to proue.

For, euen the *thought* of Immortalitie,
Being an act done without the bodies ayde,
Shewes that herſelfe alone could moue and be,
Although the body in the graue were layde.

And if her ſelfe ſhe can ſo liuely moue,
And neuer need a forraine helpe to take;
Then muſt her motion euerlaſting proue,
Becauſe her ſelfe ſhe neuer can forſake.

That the Soule can not be de-ſtroyed.

But though corruption cannot touch the mind,
By any cauſe that from it ſelfe may ſpring;
Some outward cauſe Faith hath perhaps deſignd,
Which to the *Soule* may vtter quenching bring.

Her cauſe ceaſeth not.

Perhaps her cauſe may ceaſe, and ſhe may die;
God is her *cauſe*, his *Word* her maker was,
Which ſhall ſtand fixt for all eternitie;
When heauen and earth ſhall like a ſhadow paſſe.

Shee hath no con-trary.

Perhaps ſomething repugnant to her kind,
By ſtrong *Antipathy* the *Soule* may kill;
But what can be *contrary* to the mind,
Which holds all *contraries* in concord ſtill?

She lodgeth heat and cold, and moiſt, and dry,
And life, & death, and peace, & war together;
Ten thouſand fighting things in her doe lye,
Yet neither troubleth or diſturbeth either.

She can-not dye for want of food.

Perhaps for want of foode the *Soule* may pine;
But that were ſtrange, ſith all things *bad* and *good*,
Sith all Gods creatures *mortall* and *diuine*,
Sith *God himſelfe* is her eternall food.

Bodies

Bodies are fed with things of mortall kind,
And ſo are ſubiect to mortalitie,
But *Truth*, which is eternall, feeds the mind;
The *Tree of life*, which will not let her die.

Violence cannot deſtroy her.

Yet violence perhaps the *Soule* deſtroyes,
As Lightning, or the *Sun-beames* dim the ſight;
Or as a Thunder-clap, or Cannons noiſe,
The power of hearing doth aſtoniſh quite.

But high perfection to the *Soule* it brings,
T'encounter things moſt excellent and high;
For, when ſhe viewes the beſt, and greateſt things,
They do not hurt, but rather cleare her eye.

Beſides, as *Homers gods*, gainſt Armies ſtand,
Her ſubtle forme can through all dangers ſlide,
Bodies are captiue, minds endure no band,
" And will is free, and can no force abide.

Time cannot deſtroy her.

But laſtly, Time perhaps at laſt hath power,
To ſpend her liuely powers, & quench her light;
But old god *Saturne*, which doth all deuoure,
Doth cheriſh her, and ſtill augment her might.

Heauen waxeth old, and all the *Spheares* aboue
Shall one day faint, and their ſwift motion ſtay;
And *Time* it ſelfe, in *Time* ſhall ceaſe to moue,
Onely the Soule ſuruiues, and liues for aye.

" Our

"Our bodies, euery footſtep that they make,
"March towards death, vntill at laſt they die;
"Whether we work or play, or ſleepe, or wake,
"Our life doth paſſe, & with *Times* wings doth flie.

But to the *Soule* Time doth perfection giue,
And ads freſh luſtre to her beauty ſtill,
And makes her in eternall youth to liue;
Like her which Nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more ſhe liues, the more ſhe feeds on *truth*;
The more ſhe feeds, her *ſtregth* doth more increaſe:
And what is *ſtrength*, but an effect of *youth*?
Which if *Time* nurſe, how can it euer ceaſe?

But now theſe *Epicures* begin to ſmile;
And ſay, my doctrine is more ſafe then true;
And that I fondly doe my ſelfe beguile,
While theſe receau'd opinions I enſue.

Obiections againſt the immortalitie of the Soule.

For what, ſay they, Doth not the *Soule* waxe old?
How comes it then, that aged men do dote?
And that their braines grow ſottiſh, dull, and cold,
Which were in youth the onely ſpirits of note?

1. Obiection.

What? are not *Soules* within themſelues corrupted?
How can there Idiots then by nature bee?
How is it that ſome wits are interrupted,
That now they dazeled are, now clearely ſee?

Theſe

Answer.

These Questions make a subtile Argument,
To such as thinke both *sense* and *reason* one;
To whom nor agent, from the Instrument,
Nor power of working, from the work is knowne.

But they, that know that wit can shew no skill,
But when she things in *Senses glasse* doth view;
Doe know, if accident this glasse doe spill,
It *nothing sees*; or *sees the false for true*.

For, if that region of the tender braine,
Wherein th'inward sense of Fantasie should sit,
And th'outward senses gatherings should retaine,
By nature, or by chance, become vnfit;

Either at first vncapable it is,
And so few things or none at all receiues;
Or mard by accident, which haps amisse,
And so amisse it euery thing perceiues.

Then as a cunning Prince that vseth *Spyes*,
If they returne no newes, doth nothing know;
But if they make aduertisement of lies,
The Princes Councell all awry doe goe:

Euen so the *Soule*, to such a body knit,
Whose inward senses vndisposed bee,
And to receiue the formes of things vnfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This

This makes the Idiot; which hath yet a mind,
Able to *know* the truth, and *chuſe* the good;
If ſhe ſuch figures in the braine did find,
As might be found, if it in temper ſtood.

But if a *Phrenſie* doe poſſeſſe the braine,
It ſo diſturbs and blots the formes of things;
As Fantaſie proues altogether vaine,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit admitting all for true,
Build fond concluſions on thoſe idle grounds;
Then doth it flie the good, and ill purſue;
Belieuing all that this falſe *Spy* propounds.

But purge the humors, and the rage appeaſe,
Which this diſtemper in the fanſie wrought;
Then *will* the *wit*, which neuer had diſeaſe,
Diſcourſe, and iudge diſcreetly as it ought.

So though the clouds eclipſe the *Sunnes* faire light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beame;
So haue our eyes their perfect power of ſight,
Euen when they looke into a troubled ſtreame.

Then theſe defects, in *ſenſes* organs bee,
Not in the *Soule* or in her working might;
She cannot loſe her perfect power to ſee,
Though miſts & clouds do choke her window light.

Theſe

These imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the Agent, but the Instrument;
We must not blame *Apollo*, but his Lute;
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The *Soule* in all hath one intelligence;
Though too much moisture in an Infants braine,
And too much drinesse in an old mans sense,
Cannot the prints of outward things retaine:

Then doth the *Soule* want worke, and idle sit,
And this we *childishnesse* and *dotage* call;
Yet hath she then a quick and actiue wit,
If she had stuffe and tooles to worke withall.

For, giue her organs fit, and obiects faire,
Giue but the aged man the young mans sense,
Let but *Medea Aesons* youth repaire;
And straight she shewes her wonted excellence.

As a good Harper striken farre in yeares,
Into whose cunning hands the Gowt is fall,
All his old Crotchets in his braine he beares,
But on his Harp playes ill, or not at all:

But if *Apollo* take his Gowt away,
That he his nimble fingers may apply;
Apolloes selfe will enuy at his play,
And all the world applaud his minstrelsie.

Then

Then *dotage* is no weakeneſſe of the mind,
But of the *Senſe*; for if the mind did waſt,
In all old men we ſhould this waſting find;
When they ſome certaine terme of yeres had paſt:

But moſt of them, euen to their dying howre,
Retaine a mind more liuely, quick, and ſtrong,
And better vſe their vnderſtanding power, (yong.
Then when their brains were warme, & lims were

For though the body waſted be and weake,
And though the leaden forme of earth it beares;
Yet when we heare that halfe-dead body ſpeake,
We oft are rauiſht to the heauenly *Spheares*.

Yet ſay theſe men, If all her organs die, 2. Obiection.
Then hath the *Soule* no power her powers to vſe;
So in a ſort, her powers extinct doe lie,
When vnto *act* ſhe cannot them reduce.

And if her powers be dead, then what is ſhee?
For ſith from euery thing ſome *powers* do ſpring,
And from thoſe powers ſome *acts* proceeding bee;
Then kill both *power*, and *act*, and kill the *thing*.

Doubtleſſe the bodies death, when once it dies, Anſwer.
The inſtruments of ſenſe and life doth kill;
So that ſhe cannot vſe thoſe faculties,
Although their roote reſt in her ſubſtance ſtill.

But

But if the body liuing, *wit* and *will*,
Can *iudge* and *chuſe*, without the bodies ayde;
Though on ſuch obiects they are working ſtill,
As through the bodies organs are conuayde:

So, when the body ſerues her turne no more,
And all her *Senſes* are extinct and gone;
She can diſcourſe of what ſhe learn'd before,
In heauenly contemplations all alone.

So, if one man well on a Lute doth play,
And haue good horſemanſhip, and learnings skill;
Though both his Lute and Horſe we take away,
Doth he not keepe his former learning ſtill?

He keeps it doubtleſſe, and can vſe it to;
And doth both th' other *skils* in power retaine,
And can of both the proper actions do;
If with his Lute or Horſe he meet againe.

So though the inſtruments, by which we liue,
And view the world, the bodies death doe kill;
Yet with the body they ſhall all reuiue,
And all their wonted offices fulfill.

3. Obiection. *But how* till then ſhall ſhe herſelfe imploy? (before;
Her Spies are dead, which brought home newes
What ſhe hath got and keepes, ſhe may enioy;
But ſhe hath meanes to vnderſtand no more.

Then

Then what do those poore *Soules*, which nothing get?
Or what do those, which get and cannot keepe?
Like Buckets bottomlesse, which all out let;
Those *Soules* for want of exercise must sleepe.

See how mans *Soule* against it selfe doth striue; Answere.
Why should we not haue other meanes to know?
As children, while within the wombe they liue,
Feede by the nauill; here they feed not so.

These children, if they had some vse of sense,
And should by chance their mothers talking heare,
That in short time they shall come forth frō thēce;
Would feare their birth, more then our death we (feare.

They would cry out, If we this place shall leaue,
Then shall we break our tender nauill strings:
How shall we then our nourishment receiue;
Sith our sweet food no other conduit brings?

And if a man should to these babes reply,
That into this faire world they shall be brought,
Where they shall see the Earth, the Sea, the Sky,
The glorious Sun, & all that God hath wrought:

That there ten thousand dainties they shal meet,
Which by their mouthes they shal with pleasure
Which shalbe cordiall too, aswell as sweet; (take;
And of their little limbes tall bodies make.

This

This would they thinke a fable, euen as we
Do thinke the *Story* of the *Golden age*;
Or as ſome ſenſuall ſpirits amongſt vs be,
Which hold the *world to come*, a *fained Stage*.

Yet ſhall theſe infants after find all true,
Though then therof they nothing could conceiue;
As ſoone as they are borne, the world they view,
And with their mouthes the nurſes milke receiue.

So when the *Soule* is borne (for death is nought
But the *Soules* birth, and ſo we ſhould it call)
Ten thouſand things ſhe ſees beyond her thought;
And in an vnknowne manner knowes them all.

Then doth ſhe ſee by Spectacles no more;
She heares not by report of double Spies;
Her ſelfe in inſtants doth all things explore,
For each thing preſent, and before her lies.

4. Obiection. *But ſtill* this crue with queſtions me purſues;
If *Soules* deceaſd (ſay they) ſtill liuing bee,
Why doe they not returne, to bring vs newes
Of that ſtrange World, where they ſuch wonders (ſee?

Anſwere. *Fond men*, If we belieue that men doe liue
Vnder the *Zenith* of both frozen *Poles*,
Though none come thence aduertiſement to giue;
Why beare we not the like faith of our *Soules*?

The

The *Soule* hath here on earth no more to do,
Then we haue buſineſſe in our mothers wombe;
What child doth couet to returne thereto,
Although all children firſt from thence do come?

But as *Noahs* Pidgeon which returnd no more,
Did ſhew ſhe footing found for all the flood;
So whē good *Soules* departed through deaths dore,
Come not againe, it ſhewes their dwelling good.

And doubtleſſe, ſuch a *Soule* as vp doth mount,
And doth appeare before her Makers face,
Holds this vile World in ſuch a baſe account;
As ſhe lookes down, & ſcornes this wretched place.

But ſuch as are detruded downe to Hell,
Either for ſhame they ſtill themſelues retire;
Or tyed in chaines, they in cloſe priſon dwell;
And cannot come, although they much deſire.

Well, well, ſay theſe vaine ſpirits, though vaine it is — 5. Obiection.
To thinke our *Soules* to heauen or hell to go;
Politique men haue thought it not amiſſe,
To ſpread this *Lie*, to make men vertuous ſo.

Doe you then thinke this *morall vertue* good? — Anſwere.
I thinke you doe, euen for your priuate gaine;
For Common-wealths by *vertue* euer ſtood,
And Common-good the priuate doth containe.

If then this *vertue* you doe loue so well,
Haue you no meanes her practice to maintaine;
But you this *Lie* must to the people tell,
That good *Soules* liue in ioy, and ill in paine?

Must *Vertue* be preserued by a *Lie?*
Vertue and *Truth* doe euer best agree;
By this it seemes to be a veritie,
Sith the effects so good and vertuous bee.

For, as the Diuell father is of lies,
So vice and mischiefe doe his lies ensue;
Then this good doctrine did not he deuise,
But made this *Lye*, which saith it is not true.

The generall consent of all.

For how can that be false, which euery tong
Of euery mortall man affirmes for true?
Which truth hath in all Ages been so strong,
As Lodestone-like all hearts it euer drew.

For not the *Christian*, or the *Iew* alone,
The *Persian*, or the *Turke*, acknowledge this;
This mysterie to the wild *Indian* knowne,
And to the *Canniball* and *Tartar* is.

This rich *Assyrian* drugge growes euery where;
As common in the *North*, as in the *East*;
This doctrine doth not enter by the *eare*,
But of it selfe is natiue in the breast.

None that acknowledge God, or prouidence,
Their *Soules* eternitie did euer doubt;
For all *Religion* takes her roote from hence,
Which no poore naked Nation liues without.

For sith the World for man created was,
(For onely man the vse thereof doth know)
If man do perrish like a withered grasse,
How doth Gods wisedome order things below?

And if that wisedome still wise ends propound,
Why made he man of other creatures King?
When (if he perish here) there is not found
In all the world so poore and vile a thing?

If death do quench vs quite, we haue great wrong,
Sith for our seruice all things else were wrought,
That *Dawes*, and *Trees*, & *Rocks*, should last so long;
When we must in an instant passe to nought.

But blest be that *Great power*, that hath vs blest,
With longer life then heauen or earth can haue;
Which hath enfusd into one mortall brest,
Immortall powers, not subiect to the graue.

For, though the *Soule* do seeme her graue to beare,
And in this world is almost buried quick,
We haue no cause the bodies death to feare;
For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

Three kinds of life answerable to the three powers of the soule.

For as the *Soules Essentiall* powers are three,
The *quickning power*, the *power of sense*, and *reason*;
Three kinds of life to her designed bee,
Which perfect these 3. powers in their due season.

The first life in the mothers wombe is spent,
Where she her *nursing power* doth onely vse;
Where, when she finds defect of nourishment,
Sh' expels her body, and this world she viewes.

This we call *Birth*; but, if the child could speake,
He *death* would call it; and of Nature plaine,
That she would thrust him out naked, & weake;
And in his passage pinch him with such paine.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac't,
Where all his *Senses* in perfection bee;
Where he finds flowers to smell, and fruits to taste,
And sounds to heare, and sundry formes to see.

When he hath past some time vpon this Stage,
His *reason* then a little seemes to wake;
Which thogh she spring when sense doth fade with age,
Yet can she here, no perfect practice make.

Then doth th' aspyring *Soule* the body leaue,
Which we call *Death*: but were it known to all,
What *life* our *Soules* doe by this *death* receiue,
Men would it *Birth*, or *Gaole deliuery* call.

In

In this third life Reaſon will be ſo bright,
As that her ſparke will like the *Sun-beames* ſhine,
And ſhall of God enioy the reall ſight;
Being ſtill increaſt by influence diuine.

O ignorant poore man, what dooſt thou beare,
Lock't vp within the Casket of thy breſt?
What Iewels, and what riches haſt thou there?
What heauenly treaſure in ſo weake a cheſt?

An Acclamation.

Looke in thy *Soule*, and thou ſhalt *beauties* find;
Like thoſe which drownd *Narciſſus* in the flood;
Honour and *Pleaſure* both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted *good*.

Thinke of her worth; & thinke that God did meane,
This worthy mind ſhould worthy things embrace;
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts vncleane,
Nor her dishonour with thy paſſions baſe:

Kill not her *quickning power* with ſurfettings;
Mar not her *Senſe* with Senſualitie;
Caſt not her ſerious wit on idle things;
Make not her free *will* ſlaue to vanitie.

And when thou think'ſt of her *eternitie*,
Thinke not that *death* againſt her nature is;
Thinke it a *birth*, and when thou goeſt to die,
Sing like a Swan, as if thou went'ſt to bliſſe.

And if thou like a child didſt feare before,
Being in the darke, where thou didſt nothing ſee;
Now I haue brought thee *torch-light*, feare no more;
Now when thou dieſt, thou canſt not hudwinkt be.

And thou my *Soule*, which turn'ſt thy curious eye,
To view the beames of thine owne forme diuine;
Know, that thou canſt know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this fleſh of mine.

Take heed of *ouer-weening*; and compare
Thy Peacocks feet with thy gay Peacocks traine;
Study the beſt, and higheſt things that are;
But of thy ſelfe an humble thought retaine.

Caſt downe thy ſelfe, and onely ſtriue to raiſe
The glory of thy Makers ſacred Name;
Vſe all thy powers, that bleſſed Power to praiſe,
Which giues thee power to *be*, and *vſe the ſame*.

FINIS.

H
A

Pra

XUM

HYMNES OF ASTRÆA, IN ACROSTICKE VERSE.

Praiſes of his Soueraigne, Queene *ELIZABETH.*



LONDON
Printed by *G. P.* for *Richard Hawkins.*
1618.

HYMNE. I.

Of Astræa.

Early before the day doth spring,
Let vs awake my Muse, and sing,
It is no time to slumber,
So many Ioyes this time doth bring,
As time will faile to number.

But whereto shall we bend our Layes?
Euen vp to Heauen, againe to raise
The Mayd, which thence descended
Hath brought againe the golden dayes,
And all the world amended.

Rudenesse it selfe she doth refine,
Euen like an Alchymist diuine,
Grosse times of Iron turning
Into the purest forme of gold:
Not to corrupt, till heauen waxe old,
And be refin'd with burning.

HYMNE. II.

To Astræa.

Eternall Virgin, *Goddesse* true,
Let me presume to sing to you.
If *Ioue*, euen great *Ioue* hath leisure
Sometimes to heare the vulgar crue,
And heares them oft with pleasure.

Blessed

HYMNE. II.

B leſſed *Aſtræa*, I in part
E nioy the bleſſings you impart,
T he *Peace*, the milke and hony,
H umanity, and ciuill *Art*,
A richer *Dower* then money.

R ight glad am I that now I liue,
E uen in theſe dayes whereto you giue
G reat happineſſe and glory;
I f after you I ſhould be borne,
N o doubt I ſhould my birth-day ſcorne,
A dmiring your ſweet ſtorie.

HYMNE. III.

To the Spring.

E arth now is greene, and heauen is blew,
L iuely Spring which makes all new
I olly Spring doth enter,
S weet young Sun-beames doe ſubdue
A ngry, aged Winter.

B laſts are mild, and Seas are calme,
E uery medow flowes with Balme,
T he earth weares all her riches,
H armonious birds ſing ſuch a Pſalme
A s eare and heart bewitches.

Reſerue

HYMNE. III.

R eſerue (ſweet Spring) this Nymph of
E ternall garlands of thy flowers, (ours,
G reene garlands neuer waſting;
I n her ſhall laſt our *ſtates* faire ſpring,
N ow and for euer flouriſhing,
A s long as heauen is laſting.

HYMNE. IIII.

To the moneth of May.

E ach day of thine, ſweet moneth of May,
L oue makes a ſolemne holy-day:
I will performe like dutie,
S ith thou reſembleſt euery way
A *Stræa*, Queene of beauty.

B oth you freſh beauties doe partake,
E ithers aſpect doth Summer make:
T houghts of young Loue awaking,
H earts you both do cauſe to ake,
A nd yet be pleaſd with *aking*.

R ight deare art thou, and ſo is ſhee,
E uen like attractiue Sympathy,
G aines vnto both like deareneſſe;
I weene this made Antiquitie
N ame thee, Sweet *May* of *Maieſtie*,
A s being both like in *cleereneſſe*.

HYMNE. V.

To the Larke.

E arely cheerefull, mounting Larke,
L ights gentle Vsher, mornings Clarke;
I n merry Notes delighting:
S tint awhile thy Song, and harke,
A nd learne my new Inditing.

B eare vp this Hymne, to heau'n it beare;
E uen vp to heau'n, and sing it there,
T o heau'n each morning beare it;
H aue it set to some sweet Sphere,
A nd let the Angels heare it.

R enownd *Astræa*, that great Name,
E xceeding great in worth and fame,
G reat worth hath so renownd it,
I t is *Astræas* Name I praise,
N ow then, sweet Larke, do thou it raise,
A nd in high Heauen resound it.

HYMNE. VI.

To the Nightingale.

E uery night from Euen til Morne,
L oues Quirister amidde the thorne
I s now so sweet a Singer,
S o sweet, as for her Song I scorne
A pollos voice, and finger.

HYMNE. VI.

But Nitingale, ſith you delight
Euer to watch the Starrie night,
To all the Starres of heauen,
Heauen neuer had a Starre ſo bright,
As now to earth is giuen.

Royall *Aſtræa* makes our Day
Eternall with her beames, nor may
Groſſe darkneſſe ouercome her;
I now perceiue why ſome doe write,
No Country hath ſo ſhort a night,
As England hath in Summer.

HYMNE. VII.

To the Roſe.

Eye of the Garden, Queen of flowers;
Loues Cup, wherein he Nectar powres,
Ingendred firſt of Nectar: (howres,
Sweet nurſe-child of the Springs young
And Beauties faire Character.

Beſt Iewell that the earth doth weare,
Euen when the braue young Sun drawes
To her hote Loue pretending; (neare,
Himſelfe likewiſe like forme doth beare,
At riſing and diſcending.

HYMNE. VII.

R oſe of the Queene of loue belou'd;
E nglands great Kings diuinely mou'd,
G aue Roſes in their Banner;
I t ſhewed that Beauties Roſe indeed,
N ow in this age ſhould them ſucceed,
A nd raigne in more ſweet manner.

HYMNE. VIII.

To all the Princes of Europe.

E *urope*, the Earths ſweet Paradiſe:
L et all thy Kings that would be wiſe,
I n *Politique Deuotion:*
S aile hither to obſerue her eyes,
A nd marke her heauenly motion.

B raue Princes of this ciuill age,
E nter into this pilgrimage:
T his Saints tongue is an oracle,
H er eye hath made a Prince a Page,
A nd works each day a Miracle.

R aiſe but your lookes to her, and ſee
E uen the true beames of Maieſtie,
G reat Princes, marke her duly;
I f all the world you doe ſuruey,
N o forehead ſpreads ſo bright a Ray,
A nd notes a Prince ſo truly.

HYMNE. IX.

To Flora.

E mpreſſe of flowers, tell where away
L ..s your ſweete Court this merry *May*,
I n *Greenewich* garden Allies:
S ince there the heauenly powers do play,
A nd haunt no other Vallies.

B *eauty*, *Vertue*, *Maieſty*,
E loquent Muſes, three times three,
T he new freſh houres and Graces,
H aue pleaſure in this place to be,
A boue all other Places.

R oſes and Lillies did them draw,
E re they diuine *Aſtræa* ſaw;
G ay flowers they ſought for pleaſure:
I n ſtead of gathering Crownes of flowers,
N ow gather they *Aſtræas* Dowers,
A nd beare to heauen that treaſure.

HYMNE. X.

To the Moneth of September.

E ach Moneth hath praiſe in ſome degree;
L et May to others ſeeme to be
I n Senſe the ſweeteſt Seaſon;
S eptember thou art beſt to me,
A nd beſt doſt pleaſe my reaſon.

HYMNE. X.

B ut neither for thy Corne nor Wine
E xtoll I thoſe mild dayes of thine,
T hough corne and wine might praiſe thee;
H eauen giues thee honour more diuine,
A nd higher fortunes raiſe thee.

R enownd art thou (ſweet moneth) for this,
E mong thy dayes her birth-day is,
G race, plenty, peace and honour
I n one faire houre with her were borne,
N ow ſince they ſtill her Crowne adorne,
A nd ſtill attend vpon her.

HYMNE XI.

To the Sunne.

E ye of the world, fountaine of light,
L ife of day, and death of night,
I humbly ſeeke thy kindneſſe:
S weete, dazle not my feeble ſight,
A nd ſtrike me not with blindneſſe.

B ehold me mildly from that face,
E uen where thou now doſt run thy race,
T he ſpheare where now thou turneſt;
H auing like Phaeton chang'd thy place,
A nd yet hearts only burneſt.

Red

HYMNE XI.

R ed in her right cheeke thou doſt riſe;
E xalted after in her eyes,
G reat glory there thou ſheweſt:
I n thother cheeke when thou deſcendeſt,
N ew redneſſe vnto it thou lendeſt,
A nd ſo thy Round thou goeſt.

HYMNE. XII.

To her Picture.

E xtreme was his Audacitie;
L ittle his skill that finiſht thee,
I am aſham'd and ſorry,
S o dull her counterfaite ſhould be,
A nd ſhe ſo full of glory.

B ut here are colours red and white,
E ach lyne, and each proportion right;
T heſe Lynes, this red, and whiteneſſe,
H aue wanting yet a life and light,
A Maieſty, and brightneſſe.

R ude counterfait, I then did erre,
E uen now, when I would needs inferre
G reat boldneſſe in thy maker:
I did miſtake, he was not bold;
N or durſt his eyes her eyes behold;
A nd this made him miſtake her.

HYMNE. XIII.

Of her Minde.

E arth, now adiew, my rauiſht thought
L ifted to heau'n, ſets thee at nought;
I. nfinite is my longing,
S ecrets of Angels to be taught,
And things to heau'n belonging.

B rought down frō heau'n of Angels kind,
E uen now doe I admire her minde,
T his is my contemplation,
H er cleere ſweete *Spirit* which is refin'd,
A boue Humane *Creation.*

R ich Sun-beame of th'æternall light,
E xcellent *Soule*, how ſhall I wright;
G ood Angels make me able;
I cannot ſee but by your eye,
N or, but by your tongue, ſignifie
A thing ſo Admirable.

HYMNE. XIIII.

Of the Sun-beames of her Mind.

E xceeding glorious is this ſtarre
L et vs behold her Beames afarre
I n a ſide line reflected;
S ight beares them not, when neere they
A nd in right lines directed. (are

Behold

HYMNE. XIIII.

B ehold her in her vertues beames,
E xtending Sun-like to all Realmes;
T he Sunne none viewes too neerely;
H er Well of goodneſſe in theſe ſtreames,
A ppeares right well and clearely.

R adiant vertues, if your light
E nfeeble the beſt Iudgements ſight,
G reat ſplendor aboue meaſure
I s in the minde, from whence you flow:
N o wit may haue acceſſe to know,
A nd view ſo bright a treaſure.

HYMNE. XV.

Of her wit.

E ye of that mind moſt quicke and cleere,
L ike Heauens eye, which from his ſpheare,
I nto all things prieth,
S ees through all things euery where,
A nd all their natures trieth.

B right Image of an Angels wit,
E xceeding ſharpe and ſwift like it,
T hings inſtantly diſcerning:
H auing a Nature infinit,
A nd yet increaſ'd by learning,

HYMNE. XV.

R ebound vpon thy ſelfe thy light,
E nioy thine owne ſweete precious ſight:
G iue vs but ſome reflection;
I t is enough for vs, if we
N ow in thy ſpeech, now policie,
A dmire thine high perfection.

HYMNE XVI.

Of her will.

E uer well affected *will*,
L ouing *goodneſſe*, Lothing *ill*,
I neſtimable Treaſure:
S ince ſuch a power hath power to ſpill,
A nd ſaue vs at her pleaſure.

B e thou our Law, ſweete *will*, and ſay,
E uen what thou wilt, we will obay
T his Law, if I could read it:
H erein would I ſpend night and day,
And ſtudy ſtill to plead it.

R oyall *free-will*, and onely *free*,
E ach other *will* is Slaue to thee:
G lad is each *will* to ſerue thee,
I n thee ſuch Princely power is ſeene,
N o Spirit but takes thee for her Queene,
A nd thinkes ſhe muſt obſerue thee.

Excel-

HYMNE. XVII.

Of her Memory.

E xcellent Iewels would you ſee,
L ouely Ladyes? come with me,
I will (for loue I owe you)
S hew you as rich a Treaſure,
A s Eaſt or Weſt can ſhew you.

B ehold, if you can iudge of it,
E uen that great ſtore-houſe of her wit;
T hat beautifull large Table:
H er *Memory*, wherein is writ
A ll Knowledge admirable.

R eade this faire book; and you ſhall learne
E xquiſite Skill, if you diſcerne,
G aine heau'n by this diſcerning;
I n ſuch a memory diuine,
Nature did forme the *Muſes* nine,
A nd *Pallas* Queene of Learning.

HYMNE. XVIII.

Of her Phantaſie.

E xquiſite curioſitie,
L ooke on thy ſelfe with iudging eye,
I f ought be faulty, leaue it.
So delicate a phantaſie
As this, will ſtraight perceiue it.

B ecauſe

HYMNE. XVIII.

B ecauſe her temper is ſo fine,
E ndewed with Harmonies diuine:
T herefore if diſcord ſtrike it,
H er true proportions do repine,
A nd ſadly to miſlike it.

R ight otherwiſe a pleaſure ſweete,
E uer ſhe takes in actions meete;
G racing with ſmiles ſuch meetneſſe;
I n her faire forehead beames appeare:
N o Summers day is halfe ſo cleare,
A dorn'd with halfe that ſweetneſſe.

HYMNE. XIX.

Of the Organs of her minde.

E clipſed ſhe is, and her bright rayes
L ie vnder vailes, yet many wayes
I s her faire forme reuealed;
S he diuerſly her ſelfe conueyes,
A nd cannot be concealed.

B y inſtruments her powers appeare
E xceedingly well tun'd and cleare:
T his Lute is ſtill in meaſure,
H olds ſtill in tune, euen like a ſpheare,
A nd yeelds the world ſweete pleaſure.

R eſolue

HYMNE XIX.

R eſolue me, Muſe, how this thing is,
E uer a body like to this
G aue heau'n to earthly creature?
I am but fond this doubt to make,
N o doubt the Angels bodies take,
A boue our common nature.

HYMNE XX.

Of the paſſions of her heart.

E xamine not *th'inſcrutable Hart*,
L ight *Muſe* of her, though ſhe in part
I mpart it to the Subiect;
S earch not, although frō heau'n thou art,
A nd this an Heauenly obiect.

B ut ſince ſhe hath a heart, we know
E uer ſome paſſions thence doe flow,
T hough euer rul'd with Honor;
H er Iudgement raignes, they waite below,
A nd fixe their eyes vpon her.

R ectified ſo, they in their kind
E ncreaſe each Vertue of her mind,
G ouern'd with mild tranquillitie;
I n all the Regions vnder Heau'n,
N o State doth beare it ſelfe ſo euen,
And with ſo ſweete facilitie.

HYMNE. XXI.

Of th'immunerable Vertues of her Mind.

E re thou proceede in this sweete paines,
L earne *Muse* how many drops it raynes
I n cold and moist *December*;
S umme vp *May* flowers, & *Augusts* graines,
A nd grapes of mild *September*.

B eare the Seas sand in memory,
E arths grasses, and the Starres in Skie,
T he little moates which mounted,
H ang in the beames of *Phœbus* eye,
A nd neuer can be counted.

R ecount these numbers numberlesse,
E re thou her vertue canst expresse,
G reat wits this count will cumber.
I nstruct thy selfe in numbring Schooles;
N ow Courtiers vse to begge for fooles,
A ll such as cannot number.

HYMNE. XXII.

Of her Wisdome.

E gle-eyed Wisedome, lifes Loadstarre,
L ooking neere on things afarre;
I *oues* best beloued daughter,
S howes to her Spirit all that are,
A s *Ioue* himselfe hath taught her.

HYMNE XXII.

By this ſtraight Rule ſhe rectifies
Each thought that in heart doth riſe:
This is her cleare true mirror,
Her *looking-glaſſe*, wherein ſhe ſpies
All formes of Truth and Error.

Right Princely Vertue fit to raigne,
Enthroniz'd in her Spirit remaine,
Guiding our fortunes euer;
If we this ſtarre once ceaſe to ſee,
No doubt our State will Ship-wrackt be,
And torne and ſunke for euer.

HYMNE XXIII.

Of her Iuſtice.

Exil'd *Aſtræa* is come againe,
Lo here ſhe doth all things maintaine
In *number*, *waight* and *meaſure*.
She rules vs with delightfull paine,
And we obey with pleaſure.

By loue ſhe rules more then by Law,
Euen her great *mercy* breedeth awe:
This is her Sword and Scepter,
Herewith ſhe hearts did euer draw,
And this Guard euer kept her.

HYMNE XXIII.

R eward doth ſit in her right hand:
E ach Vertue thence takes her Garland
G ather'd in Honors garden:
I n her left hand (wherein ſhould be
N ought but the Sword) ſits Clemency,
A nd conquers Vice with pardon.

HYMNE XXIIII.

Of her Magnanimitie.

E uen as her State, ſo is her Mind,
L ifted aboue the vulgar kind:
I t treades proud Fortune vnder,
S un-like it ſits aboue the wind,
A boue the ſtormes, and Thunder.

B raue Spirit, large Heart, admiring *nought*
E ſteeming each thing as it ought,
T hat ſwelleth not, nor ſhrinketh:
H onor is alwaies in her thought,
A nd of great things ſhe thinketh.

R ocks, Pillars, and heau'ns Axeltree,
E xemplifie her Conſtancy;
G reat changes neuer change her:
I n her Sexe feares are wont to riſe,
N ature permits, Vertue denies,
A nd Scornes the face of *danger*.

HYMNE XXV.

Of her Moderation.

Empreſſe of kingdomes though ſhe be,
Larger is her Soueraignty,
If ſhe her ſelfe do gouerne;
Subiect vnto her ſelfe is ſhe,
And of her ſelfe true Soueraigne.

Beauties Crowne though ſhe do weare,
Exalted into Fortunes chaire,
Thron'd like the Queene of Pleaſure:
Her Vertues ſtill poſſeſſe her Eare,
And counſell her to Meaſure.

Reaſon, if ſhe incarnate weare,
Euen Reaſons ſelfe could neuer beare
Greatneſſe with Moderation;
In her owne temper ſtill is ſeene,
No liberty claimes ſhe as Queene,
And ſhowes no alteration.

HYMNE XXVI.

To Enuy.

Enuy, go weepe: my Muſe and I
Laugh thee to ſcorne, thy feeble Eye
Is dazled with the glory
Shining in this gay Poeſie,
And little golden Story.

Behold

HYMNE XXVI.

B ehold how my proud quill doth ſhead
E ternall *Nectar* on her head:
T he pompe of Coronation
H ath not ſuch power her fame to ſpread,
A s this my admiration.

R eſpect my Pen as free and franke,
E xpecting not Reward nor Thanke,
G reat wonder only moues it;
I neuer made it mercenary,
N or ſhould my Muſe this burthen carrie
A s hyr'd, but that ſhe loues it.

FINIS.